

THE LIVING AGE.

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From the *Britannia*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WE have looked in vain in the principal journals for some tribute to the memory of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Hohenlinden," and have now to offer our slight memorial to his recollection. The life of authors proverbially offers but few of the stirring scenes which animate the career of the soldier, the adventurer, or the statesman, and Campbell's career seems of the simplest order of events. It is now about forty years since he first appeared as an author in England; the popularity of the "Pleasures of Memory" stimulated him to try what public interest might be felt for a poem which took for its theme the brighter views of human nature, and he produced the "Pleasures of Hope." Both the "Pleasures" were feeble and rather schoolboyish performances; but there is a large portion of the world which enjoys the language of an effeminate sensibility, and to those both poems made their most studied appeal. Rogers' poem was crowded with the images which the Stellas and Simplicias adore; convent cells, churchyard garlands, the chimes of Italian cathedrals, and the remembrance of dead lovers and brides, mothers and fathers long removed, and brothers and sisters laid in a "too early grave." It was poetic anguish in full mourning: the poet dressed his sorrows with the solemnity of an undertaker, and wept with the regularity of one hired for the occasion; it was the melancholy of old age, dissolving away into doating, and dying of a pleasing debility; his roses were all in the "sear, the yellow leaf," he was fantastic without being gay, and living without exhibiting life. But Campbell was a young man, and, commonplace as his subject was, he threw into it sudden animation. Bold and novel thoughts occasionally forced themselves among the conventional triflings which belong to a subject dear to triflers. He struck vigorous chords upon the instrument which had been so long devoted to the especial performance of tea-table poets. His muse was evidently no "blue stocking;" and the form and freshness of a true daughter of Helicon were discernible through all the heavy furbelows and stiff affectations of his antiquated theme.

Scotchmen are generally lucky in England. Campbell was a Scot, and his merits were so strongly pressed by some of his countrymen upon the government, that Lord Sidmouth gave him a pension of £200 a year, though Campbell, so far as he knew what he was, professed whiggism, and proclaimed his independence, in all the dignity of a pensioner.

The feature of his poetic life which most perplexed the public was, the extreme slowness with which his compositions followed each other—a year for a sonnet, from two to five years for an ode, and from five to ten for anything of a larger calibre. Those are not enough to sustain the public recollection, and Campbell died several times, poetically, before the event which "rounded his mortal coil." Fertility is the characteristic of a great poet. His vividness of spirit can no more remain unproducing than a rich soil can remain bare. It may, like the rich soil, throw up a growth of but little value for society, but even its weeds will exhibit a fullness of size and a breadth of bloom which show that the vegetative principle is there in abundance. But some of those tardily-produced efforts were fine things. His "Hohenlinden" was powerful and picturesque. His poem on the

naval glories of England was finer still—his tribute to

"The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"

would establish the fame of any man as a poet: it is at once natural, harmonious, and high-spirited. A few desultory poems followed, with long periods between, but they added, it is to be hoped, more to his emolument than they could have done to his reputation. Still they were touching and tasteful.

Some years since he undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," a work always combining intelligence with amusement, and which acquired new popularity from his popular name. But, after a lengthened superintendence of this work, he withdrew, and gave himself up to miscellaneous writing. The French war in Africa next attracted his eye; and, whether with some view to embodying in verse the images of a state of society so new to European conceptions, under the excitement of war, conquest, and colonization—a great subject for a writer adequate to the task—or whether to amuse a summer's curiosity by seeing palm-trees grow and hearing lions roar, Campbell crossed the sea and went to Algiers. The results of his enterprise transpired, not in poetry, but in prose; he abandoned the brilliant fictions and barbaric boldness of Moorish life for the description of the actual state of the French conquest and the conquerors. His "Letters from the South" were lively and ingenious, and deservedly added to his prose reputation. They were clever, though not above the cleverness of thousands; and thus they went where the performances of those thousands naturally tend, and sank in that literary pond where the force of gravity is so fatal and so sure. From time to time he wrote biography, or edited works of various success. His "Poetic Lectures" showed the spirit of a poet, and his "Life of Sidons" is an honorable testimonial to the greatest tragic actress that Europe has ever seen, or probably will ever see.

For the last five or six years Campbell had almost retired from general intercourse; his frame, undersized and delicate, suffered from ill health; and the poetic temperament is prone to a sensitiveness which often exhausts the vital powers. But Campbell, in common with Scott and some of the chief names of authorship in his day, had the distinguished merit of never humiliating his talent to the service of vice. He was pure; his volumes may be placed in the hands of man or woman with the like safety; and may form the delight of the young and the study of the mature with equal enjoyment. We regret to say that he was unwisely overlooked in the last vacancy of the laureateship. The emolument, though disgraceful to a nation which prides itself on its literature—and the honor, though as trivial as the emolument—were conferred on a writer who refused, and did not want, the appointment; while it was withheld from him to whom both would have been of value.

We have made these few observations in a spirit of respect for the memory of Campbell. Lavish panegyric is as tasteless as it is untrue. The criticism which adheres to fact, without flattery on the one hand or levity on the other, and which gives its willing praise to merit while it marks those shades of infirmity which form the background of all human portraiture, is the only praise which can benefit the living or do honor to the dead—which a man of talent ought to receive, or a man of truth might not disdain to give.

From Hood's Magazine.

OUR FAMILY.

CHAPTER V.—A DILEMMA.

THE sun was high in heaven, ere my father awoke the next morning, roused from his Elysian dreams by the swallows which first twittered at the eaves above the window, and then, after wheeling round the gable, went skimming along the surface of the glittering river in front of the house; contriving, temperate creatures though they be, to *moisten their clay* in the passage. The good doctor sprang from his bed, threw open his casement, and looking cheerfully out into the fresh bright air, began whistling, in his old quiet way, the White Cockade. In the language of the professional bulletins, he had passed a good night: whereas my mother's had been a bad one. On paying his morning visit, he found her weak and languid: her face faded to a dull white, that, with its solid settled gravity, reminded him of cold suet dumpling.

"Your mistress seems poorly this morning," said my father, addressing himself to Mrs. Prideaux, who had just entered the bedroom, dressed in a morning costume of a peculiar neatness.

"I have certainly had the pleasure of seeing your lady look better," answered the nurse, "but she has been watchful, and giving way to mental solicitude."

"Solicitude!—about what?"

"It's about the christening," said my mother, with a sigh of exhaustion. "I have hardly slept a wink all night for thinking of it—and cannot yet make up my mind."

"As to what?"

"Why, whether we should have two godfathers, or four."

"Four godfathers!"

"Yes—four," said my mother. "Kezia says, as there are twins to baptize, there must be a double set of sponsors. And certainly, according to the Book of Common Prayer, she is right. Here it is"—and she pulled the authority from under her pillow—"The Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants, to be used in the Church. *And note, that there shall be for every male child to be baptized two godfathers and one godmother.*"

"Humph!" said my father. "The rule seems plain enough. But will not the same pair of sponsors serve over again for the second child?"

"That is the very point," said my mother. "I have been turning it over and over, all night long, till my poor head is in a whirl with it; but am none the nearer. What is your own impression about it?"

"The duties of a godfather are rather serious," said my father, "and if duly fulfilled would be somewhat onerous. But, as they are commonly performed, or rather compounded for, by some trifling gift, a spoon, a mug, or a coral —"

"And some godfathers," exclaimed my mother, "neglect even that! There was old Mackworth, who stood for little Tomkins, and rich as he is, never gave his godson so much as a salt spoon!"

"Such being the case," said my father, putting on his gravest face, "I really think that a couple of able-bodied men might stand sponsors, not merely for two babies, but for a whole regiment of infantry."

"It depends on the canons," said my mother, unconsciously supplying the infantry of my father's equivoque with appropriate artillery.

"On the what?"

"On the canons of the church," said my mother; "and I do wish that in your rounds you would look in on the Curate and obtain his dictum on the subject."

"Perhaps Mrs. Prideaux can enlighten us," said my father, turning towards that ladylike personage, who was hushing my brother on her lap, with a lullaby refined enough to have been of her own composition.

"No, I have asked Mrs. Prideaux," interposed my mother; "but she has never nursed twins before, she says, and therefore cannot furnish a precedent."

"And if the Curate has never baptized twins before," said my father, "he will be in the same predicament."

"Of course he will," said my mother, looking as blank as if the clergyman in question had already declared himself at the supposed nonplus. "I'm quite troubled about it, and have been sleepless all night. It would break my heart to find hereafter that the dear infants had only been half christianized through any departure from the orthodox rules."

"I'll tell you what," said my father, starting up from a brief reverie, during which he had assumed his usual air and attitude, at the consideration of an intricate case. "I'll ask Postle."

"Kezia has asked him," said my mother.

"Well?"

"Why, he said that two godfathers are the proper dose for a male child, but whether it ought to be repeated for twins, was more than he could say, and advised a consulting clergyman to be called in."

"Precisely so—it is a clerical case."

"For my part," continued my mother, "I am at my wit's ends about it; for four sponsors, if there must be four, are not to be looked up in a hurry —"

"There's no need of four," exclaimed a voice, and in another moment the face of Kezia became visible between the foot curtains of the bed, her claret-mark muffled by heat and haste to a rich purple, and the other cheek vying with it in color through triumph and excitement. "There's no need for four! Two godfathers will be enough for both twins; here it is under the Church's own hand;" and she held out an open letter to her mistress.

That invaluable Kezia! At the first hint of the dilemma, from my mother—having previously teased, and tried to unpick the difficulty, in her own mind, she had carried it down stairs, to where all mysteries and doubts were taken for analysis and solution—the surgery. But Mr. Postle, as already stated, was unable to decide the question. In this extremity, it occurred to her that there was a certain channel, through which she might obtain the requisite information: one Mrs. Yardly, whose husband, the parish clerk, would be as competent an authority as to the baptismal ceremonial as the curate himself. The acquaintance, it was true, was a very slight one: but where the good of the family was concerned, the faithful maid of all work was accustomed to get over far more formidable fences. Accordingly she at once composed and despatched a missive, of which the following is a correct copy, to the Amen corner of our village.

"Dear Maddam

"Hopping you will excuse the Libberty from almost a perfect Strainger havin but wance xchanged

speech with you in the Surgary, about a Pot of Lennitive Electricity. But our hole Fammily being uncommon anxious respectin the Cristnin of Hininfants. About witch we are all in a Parradox thro havin Twinns. The sweatest, finest thrivingest littel Cher-rubs you ever saw. As lick as too pees And a perfect plectre to nus only rayther hoarse and roopy with singin dubblokit lullabis and so much Cradle Him. Not to menshun a xtra sett of Babby linnin to be made at a short notis for the Supper mummery And all the housold wurk besides. But its unpossible to help slavin wuns self to Deth for such a pare of dear luvable littel hinnocents, and I allmost wish I was ded to be a Gardian Angle for their sacks being perfectly misrable wen I think wat Croops and Convulshuns and Blites beset such yung toothless Buds. And half crazy besides with divided oppinions between Small Pock and Cow Pock witch by report runs sum times into horns and Hoofs. Lord preserve the dear littel Soles from such a trans inog-grificashun. But lettin alone Waxynation our present hobject bein to make them Hares of Grace. And as such how menney must stand Sponserers for them at the Fount? The Prayer Book says two god fathers for evvery Mail but the Pint is wether the same two cannot anser or not for boath. As yet only two have been providid namely their unkel Mr. Rumbold the Dry Salter and a Mister Sumboldy, a Proxy in Docters Commons. So that if so be Fore Fathers is necessary for Twinns we shall be at a Non Plush. The nus Mrs. Priddo never havin nust Twinns afore cant find a President. And Mister Postle say it is out of his line of practis. But yure Husband Mister Y bein a chliasticle Character of course knows wat is propper and ortherdoxical and an erly Line from either him or you to that effect would grately obleege and releave all our minds. For as you may suppose we are anxious for the dear Hin-fants to have a reglar Babe teasing. And shud be shockt arterwards to find they had been skrimpt in their Spiritual rites. Witch is a matter in witch wun would prefer their Babbies to be rayther over then under dun. Bless, bless, their preshus littel harts. With witch I remane dear Maddam

"Yours &c.

"KEZIA JENES."

The answer to this epistle had just arrived; and after a hasty perusal by Kezia, was thrust open into her mistress' hand.

"Here, take it, George," said my mother, "and read it aloud."

My father took the document, and began to read,—the owner of the letter lending her ears as intently, as if she learned the sense of the writing for the first time.

"Madam,

"In reply to your epistolary favor to my wife beg to say you are quite welcome gratis to any experience or information in my Power, parochial, ecclesiastical, or scholastic—Copies of Births, Deaths, or Marriage Certificates excepted, and searching the Register, which is charged for according to time and trouble.

"As regards the Sacrament of Baptism, the quotation from the Prayer Book is ceremoniously correct. Whereby, according to Rule of Three, if one Male Infant require two Godfathers how many will two require? Answer, Four. But in Practice two are religiously sufficient for twin juveniles. Our fees in any case being the same. Not that the Church object to the full sponsorial complement if parental parties think proper to indulge in the same; whether for the sake of a greater Shew, or with a view to the multiplication of customary Presents. Exempli Gratia, Mrs. Fordige with the extraordinary number of Four Twin Sons at a Birth, who were named after

the Holy Evangelists, videlicet, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, when it was thought proper to have the full number of Godfathers, $4 \times 2 = 8$, and which I well remember walking up the aisle two and two, with Nosegays, like the team of a Stage Wagon. As was considered on interesting spectacle, especially by the Female part of the congregation. And profitable, besides, to parents, the eight Godfathers having agreed amongst themselves, and the four God mothers likewise—Sum total twelve—to present Plate of the same pattern.

"In conclusion, my matrimonial Partner desires her compliments, and trusts to be excused answering the domestic details in your Letter for the present, hoping shortly to enjoy the pleasure of a call, and to enter into the dear little innocents in person.

"I am, Madam,

"Your very humble servant,

REUBEN YARDLEY, P. C."

"There!" said my father, returning the letter to Kezia; and then gaily addressing my mother, "Our perplexities are at an end! We may drive our christening coach with a pair of godfathers, or four in hand, at our own option. For which do you vote?"

"O, for only a pair, of course," replied my mother. "The four would be so hard to collect," she added in a tone which showed that she lamented the difficulty. She was proud of her twins, and would have liked to have seen them attended up the church aisle by a double set of sponsors, walking two and two, with nosegays, and forming, as the learned clerk said, an interesting spectacle to the female spectators. For a minute or so, closing her eyes, she had even enjoyed in a day dream, a sort of rehearsal of such a procession: but there were too many obstacles in the way of its realization; and she reluctantly gave up the scheme.

"That's settled, then!" exclaimed my father, rubbing his hands together in a most high and palmy state of satisfaction.

"Not quite," said my other parent; who from stewing had only subsided into a simmering. "There's the godmother. I have gone through every female name in the place, without hitting on anybody likely to undertake the office."

"Phoo, phoo, it's a mere form."

"I beg your pardon," said my mother rather hastily. "Some persons think it a very responsible office, and refuse to be godmothers at all on that account. Others, again, profess a deep sense of its duties, and insist on acting up to the character."

"And is there any harm in that?" asked my father.

"There might be a world of trouble and annoyance in it," said my mother. "There's Mrs. Pritchard, whom I sounded on the subject, when she called yesterday. 'I'm agreeable to stand,' said she, 'if I'm asked, but, mind, I shall stand on conscientious grounds. I'm not going to be a nominal godmother, like some people:—not a mere automaton, or a figure in wax-work. If I become one of their religious sureties, I'll act up to it, and do my duty as regards their spiritual bringing up;' which is all very well, but might be made a pretext, you know, for interfering in the children's education, and everything."

"No doubt of it," said my father. "And from the perseverance with which Mrs. Pritchard meddles in the temporal concerns of her neighbors, she would unquestionably be a rank nuisance where she had any pretence for busying herself

with their spiritual ones. But there's Mrs. Hewley."

"She's in favor of Adult Baptism," replied my mother.

"Or Mrs. Trent?"

"She's for total immersion, or dipping in running streams."

"Mrs. Cobley, then?"

"Why, she's a Papist!"

Poor Kezia! Her variegated York and Lancaster face had undergone, during the discussion a dozen changes—from red and white to all red, and then back again,—her lips twitching, her brows knitting, her eyes twinkling and moistening. What would she not have given to have been in a station that would have entitled her to volunteer the god-mothering of those evangelical twin babes—to have undertaken the care of their precious little souls, as well as of their dear little bodies!—to have stood for them at the font, as well as at the fire, the dresser, the tub, and the ironing-board—slaving for their spiritual welfare as well as their temporal comfort! How heartily she would have pledged herself to teach them the Creed and the Commandments, and the Catechism, in the vulgar tongue, and "all that a Christian ought to know," if she learned some branches of education herself for the purpose! But she had, alas! no chance of enjoying such drudgery.

"There's Mrs. Spencer," suggested my father.

"She's confined," said my mother.

"Well, well," said my father, smiling, "if it comes to the worst, there's the pew-opener."

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed Kezia, lifting up her hands and her eyes at the proposition. "What, Mrs. Pegge! Why, she stands for all the naturalized children in the parish."

"As mine are, I hope," said my father, with due gravity.

Kezia turned indignantly away: she felt sure that her master must be joking, but the subject was too serious for such treatment. What,—those beautiful twin babes—both in one cradle—both on one pillow—both under one blanket! "Bless them," she ejaculated aloud, "bless them, bless them, the dear little cherubims—I've boil'd their tops and bottoms!"

The last announcement was aimed at the nurse, but it evidently hit my father also, and in some ticklesome place, for he rubbed his nose as smartly as if a fly had settled on it, and then setting up his whisper of a whistle, stepped briskly out of the bedchamber and down the stairs into the surgery. Why he stopped his music, to laugh out at about the middle of the flight, was known only to himself.

FANTASTIC CONCEPTIONS.—The recently broached idea, that certain notes in music are someway analogous to certain colors, is not new. Such fancies were entertained upwards of forty years ago, and most likely then not for the first time. At the end of the last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument, resembling a pianoforte, for arranging colors. He supposed that the seven prismatic colors corresponded exactly to the seven tones of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion:—C was represented by blue; C sharp by sky-blue; D, pea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, light purple; B, dark blue. The octaves of each note repeated lighter tints of the same colors. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colors appear either successively, or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom nature had denied the sense of hearing, by procuring the agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony. Another French priest, the Abbé Poncelet, invented an organ for the gratification of the palate! He arranged his scale thus:—Acidity stood for C; insipidity for D; sweetness, E; bitterness, F; acid-sweet, G; harshness, A; pungency, B. The instrument was enclosed in a case; the key-board being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a continual current of air, which was guided into a row of organ pipes. Opposite to these pipes were ranged an equal number of phial-bottles, filled with liquids flavored as above. The machine was so constructed, that, by pressing the fingers of the keys, the wind entered the sounding pipes, and uncorked the bottles, the liquids running into a large glass goblet placed underneath. If the organist played unskillfully, and produced discord, the liquor mixed in the reservoir had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious tones, the mixture was found to be delicious.—*Chambers' Journal*.

RAPID GROWTH OF PLANTS.—Who can understand or explain the extraordinary activity which pervades the entire vascular system of the plant when circumstances are favorable to its growth? A stalk of wheat has been observed to shoot up three inches in as many days, of barley six inches in the same time, and a vine twig almost two feet or eight inches a day (Du Hamel.) Cucumbers have been known to acquire a length of twenty-four inches in six days, and in the Botanic Garden at Brussels I was shown a bamboo five inches in diameter which had increased in height nine feet in twenty-seven days, sometimes making a progress of six to eight inches in a day. In our climate we meet with few illustrations of the rapidity with which plants are capable of springing up in the most favorable circumstances; and the above examples probably give us only an imperfect idea of the velocity with which the bamboo, the palm, the tree-fern, and other vascular plants may grow in their native soil and climate. And with what numerous and complicated chemical changes is the production of every grain of the substance of these plants attended—how rapidly must the food be selected and absorbed from the air and from the soil—how quickly transformed and assimilated!

The long period of time during which, year after year, these changes may proceed in the same living vessels, or in the same tree, is no less wonderful. Oaks have lived to an age of 1,500 to 2,000 years; yew trees to 3,000 years, and other species are mentioned as having flourished from 4,500 to 6,000 years; while even a rose-tree (*rosa canina*) now living is quoted by Sprengel as being already upwards of 1,000 years old.

The rapidity of the growth of a plant, and the length of its life, are equally affected by circumstances. On a knowledge of these circumstances, and of the means of controlling or of producing them, the enlightened practice of agriculture is almost entirely dependent.—*Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry*.

From Tait's Magazine.

WINE.

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!"

Shakspeare.

SOME eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board his Majesty's frigate the *Astræa*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem, with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honorable captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues, snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by Saint Spiridion, and at his Klephtic votaries. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicester-shire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honorable captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of —, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, P. M., seated at the mess of his Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur. It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to the king's English, in its own accents; to eat of the king's sirloin, in its own gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse-flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of Newmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs of the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more relished because the richest Turkey tobacco and a pipe of cherry wood was in the hands of every soldier in the garrison,) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord Thomas Howard, a lieutenant in the —th, was announced to be a masterhand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin-punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anti-climax, which there was no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Picton himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle; lemons from the islands redolent of romance

and poetry; and a bottle of Hodger's best, redolent of Holborn Hill, appeared in as orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch-drinker?" inquired my neighbor, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; "I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us; for the captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; interrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by jessamine and orange blossoms, proceeding from the trellised gardens of the Government House. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night in Greece: a lieutenant of H. M. S. the *Astræa*, and a captain of H. M.'s gallant —th, may be supposed to entertain Hotspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a-day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate!" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!"

"Enviably dog! From time immemorial, odes have been edited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyricist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'Tis a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trolling of a joyous *chanson a boire*, or *trinkied*, under the lime-trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the univer-

sal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas' gin-punch, and pity me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost on him. Yet I continued.

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honor due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"Personal meaning!" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savored of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanor; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanor; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I reseated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humor you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient

date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity, and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tone to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal."

"Only when unconscious of his infirmity," said I bluntly.

"Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter; but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief."

"Easy, as we look upon the thing from hence, with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorner unheard; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, *who* can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins? Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honor, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burthen to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen: When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christ-church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided, that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons."

"At least you had no cause to regret your change of profession?" said I, with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I did regret it. A family-living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and a settled home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself. The nature of my misdemeanor, meanwhile, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it, that on entering the army, no fellow could boast a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave the peace-maker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change——"

"Was then attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dullness,—where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my

peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved."

"Beloved in a *lover's* sense?"

"Beloved as a neighbor and a fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow."

"Your wife was probably more discerning?"

"No! On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Mary probably ascribed my fractiousness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humored than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society; and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble with some visitor, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold: the newspaper did not arrive in time; or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of ministers. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that *any* man might possess the insipid quality of good humor; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world." As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich,—richer and almost as handsome as herself; but gifted with that intemperate

vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her raileries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become *you* to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filiping water at me across the desert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer.—'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'—'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them—Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a club-dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But, instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations, invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*"

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expressions of my countryman, Tobin, (the prototype of Knowles) involuntarily recurred to my mind—

"The man who lays his hand,
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,
Is a wretch, whom 't were base flattery to call a
coward."

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my

presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her."

"But you had no reason to suppose that, on *this* occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct?"

"No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs: a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin! She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came, and came, and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin! Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely, after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself—the wed-

ding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, brainless, to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and, in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I did not misinterpret: *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung to my arm; the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!"

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I; "I know how to pity you."

"Not you!" faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. "You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the leaden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature."

"Mildness!"

"Ay!—Save when under that fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favor. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to *seek occasions* of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, *I deserved to die!* I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The

court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in *her* person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch."

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial, I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions towards herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me instantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow my aged mother to become our companion, that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's who sat sobbing by my side. He had attended as witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonor of his master's house."

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. "Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man, grasping my arm. "My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, sir, you will find a letter," said my gray-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. "No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend,—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her

separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—whom I had struck!—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning; she knew that my household gods were shattered;—and at such a moment abandoned me!"

"Drink this, Master William," said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. "You want support, my dear boy; drink this."

"Give it me," cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. "Another—another!—I do want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass!—I must see Mrs. Wargrave!—Where is she?"

"Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!"

"I have lost my senses!" I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage. "And therefore I must see her,—must see her before I die."

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court-yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognize me, when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.'—'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and, by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"Good evening, Doctor," said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognize it for hers. 'You will find me better to-night. But why are you so late?'

"You will, perhaps, find me too early," said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, "unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no personal injury to apprehend. I come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death." And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"My brothers are absent," faltered Mary. 'I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

"For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Let its unbiassed impulses condemn me or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others."

"I have decided," murmured Mrs. Wargrave, 'irrevocably.'

"No, you have not!" said I, again approaching her; "for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' It has been for worse, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad; it has been for poorer, for my good name is taken from me; it has been for sickness, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the covenant less binding? Are you not still my wife!—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration,—my wife, who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that, forsaking all others, she would cleave to me alone? Mary, no human law can contravene this primal statute. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child."

"It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority," said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected; a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. 'No! I cannot live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that'—

"That you despise me! speak out, Madam; speak out!"

"That I pity you," continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.'

"And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation; for, by the laws of the Almighty, Madam, however your kindred or your lawyers may inspire you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honored by his child."

"It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him; and, to secure his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement."

"Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulterous passion! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with me! Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!"

"You did not!" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira! My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife."

And you dared to injure her?"

"Right, boy; that is the word,—*dared!* It was cowardly, was it not? brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self-accusations!"

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

"Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, *his* helplessness constituted her best defence."

"Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Do you think I shall be less careful of him than yourself? Give him up to his father."

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night dress. For a moment she seemed to recognize the irresistibility of my claim."

"The carriage waits, said I sternly. Where is his nurse?"

"I am his nurse," cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.'

"With *me*? Am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with *me*, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt; your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!"

"As a *servant* then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so"—

"Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly? cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to *me*. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms."

"Help! help! help!" faltered the feeble half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child! And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame! The boy wakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless!"

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated: the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence.—It

was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnant of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full-pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as *the son of a suicide.*"

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the *Astræa*; whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!

"And is it to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly rejoined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this masterfiend we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas' decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's ship the *Astræa*.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.—People are beginning to think the atmosphere may be turned to more account than merely breathing it into their lungs. Its pressure has been endured, since the creation of the world to these our days, without notice: but now the thought has struck our clever men that this should be borne no longer with the *laissez-faire* idleness of our ancestors. It was at first proposed to blow people through tunnels by the pressure at one end; but they disliked being kept so much in the dark in these days of illumination: so the carriages are now placed outside the tube, and, up-hill or down-hill, the same atmosphere that presses on their bodies sends them along with a velocity that knows no bounds but that with which air rushes into void—at the rate of some thirteen thousand feet in a second. Surely this is something new under the sun.—*Spectator*.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence, and Selections from the Anecdote Book, written by himself.
By HORACE TWISS, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.

In the Law Magazine of 1839, appeared a series of papers on the life of Lord Eldon, compiled with such care, and including comments on the whole so just, that perhaps a revised collection of them was all the public may have expected; but the present Earl found, on examination, that materials equally authentic and interesting remained untouched; and he has been fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Twiss for the arrangement of a copious and regular biography. This gentleman had always, on a few important subjects, maintained opinions different from those of the venerated chancellor; but his noble friend rightly anticipated that no such circumstance would be allowed to interfere with the fulness and fairness of his historical record. Mr. Twiss appears to us to have acquitted himself, as to all points of controversy, with an exemplary union of honesty and modesty—neither dissembling his personal views, nor unnecessarily, upon any temptation, projecting them. His main narrative is freely and unaffectedly written—manly and spirited—on proper occasions interspersed with passages of true eloquence; the reader feels that he is in the hands of a man of extensive knowledge in life and affairs—acute, sagacious, thoroughly despising cant and claptraps. We cannot speak with the same unmixed approbation of the selections from the chancellor's correspondence. Of course he asked and received the permission of those whose letters to his lordship are here printed—or of their proper representatives; but we must think that in sundry cases these parties ought not to have been, thus early, called upon to either grant or withhold such consent. Nor can we compliment Mr. Twiss unservedly on the use he has made of a certain "Anecdote Book," the amusement of octogenarian chair-days at Encombe,—or of some papers of reminiscences by surviving connexions. From these sources he has drawn undoubtedly many valuable illustrations of character and manners; but an ample supply also of bald Joe Millers, and dismal puns, and pointless details of dull doings. We hope to see all such heavy redundancies cleared away from a second edition. This is a sterling book; it will live, and no pains ought to be grudged.

It would be impossible, within the limits of one article, to comprise any adequate examination of even a few of the great questions, legal and political, with which Lord Eldon's name must be connected by every future historian of Great Britain. We shall make no attempt of this nature; reserving until another number whatever we may desire to say of Lord Eldon as one of the greatest of lawyers and of judges, and of Mr. Twiss'

estimate of him as such in the closing chapters—we shall at present deal exclusively with the *Memoirs*, and endeavor to select anecdotes and specimens of correspondence, which may bring our readers better acquainted with the personal character and conduct of the man, and the course of his relations with eminent contemporaries, as a minister of the crown.

Inglis is a rare name in Scotland, but Scott has from an early period been a very common one in England. No one is likely to doubt that some progenitor of Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon had emigrated from Scotland into Northumberland; but it is the glory of these great men that their ancestry was too obscure to be traceable beyond the grandfather, whose legal designation, in early and middle life, was "William Scott, of Sandgate, yeoman,"—his ultimate position that of clerk in a coal-fitter's warehouse at Newcastle. William, son of this yeoman and clerk, became himself a master coal-fitter—a member of the ancient fraternity of *Oastmen** in that town—a careful, worthy, and latterly prosperous tradesman. Mr. Twiss might as well have omitted all allusion to some vague and idle claims of a descent from one of the most eminent of the Scotch families named Scott—the once great house of Balwearie—(that of which the wizard, "Auld Michael," was chief)—still respectably represented by the baronets of Ancrum. It is not even said that there was any tradition of such a lineage. The sole evidence for it amounts to this: that when distinguished graduates at Oxford, the sons of the coal-fitter used seals exhibiting the armorial bearings of Balwearie. Only this morning our eye rested on a newspaper advertisement by a seal-engraver, closing in these terms:—"N. B. Arms found without extra charge." Neither the yeoman of Sandgate nor the Oastman of Newcastle ever dreamt of pedigrees or escutcheons.

The coal-fitter is the intermediate agent between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. Mr. Scott's house and coal-yard were situated near the river, in one of the narrow lanes of old Newcastle—Love Lane. These lanes have the local *alias* of *chares*. Lord Eldon puzzled the chancery bar, on some occasion, by mentioning from the bench that he was "born in a chare-foot." It was well for him and for his country that his elder brother William could not have told the same story. When their mother was about to be confined for the first time—September, 1745—the neighborhood was alarmed by the progress of the Scottish rebels; and she was removed, for security, to the house of her father, in the village of Heworth, on the southern side of the Tyne. It has often been told, with grave circumstantiality,

* According to Camden, the *Oastmen* were originally so called as trading principally to the *Ost-sæ*, or East Sea, i. e. the Baltic; but there is much dispute about the etymon.

that she was taken ill just as the Highlanders were about to invest the town, and smuggled over the walls, and down into a boat on the river, after all egress had been forbidden by the magistrates. This was not so; but the Heworth midwife took fright during the travail, and a Newcastle surgeon, summoned to her assistance after the gates were barred for the night, had to scale the wall at the chare-foot. The important circumstance is that William's birth took place in the county palatine of Durham.

John Scott, the future Chancellor, was born on the 4th of June, 1751—near six years later than William. Though their parents had thirteen children, only one other son, Henry, and two daughters, survived infancy. The boys were all put to the old grammar-school of Newcastle, then exceedingly well conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises, who among his assistants had, for the arithmetical department, no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician, Hutton. In this seminary William Scott's extraordinary talents were rapidly developed; and John, in due season, supported the credit of the family name. To the end of their days, both retained a most grateful sense of their obligations to the early care and kindness of Mr. Moises. The particular anecdotes here recorded of their schoolboy life are worthless—with one exception, and as to that we have our doubts. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott used to expect from their boys, on a Sunday evening, some proof that they had been attentive to the sermon they had heard at church, and that William and John acquitted themselves in this matter equally to their worthy parents' satisfaction, but in different ways—William retracing, in a few clear sentences, the pith of the preacher's argument; while John surprised the circle, and occasionally wearied it, by the almost verbatim accuracy of his report. The story has much the air of an *ex post facto*. For the rest, it is sufficiently indicated that, with all their exemplary diligence as to lessons of every sort, they were neither of them grave plodding boys, but both took their full share in all the sports and pranks and trickeries of their coevals. Both had remarkably vigorous constitutions, and animal spirits to correspond. If we may not say that the great man is almost always made of such materials, the rule admits most rare exception as to the great lawyer.

It appears that the good coal-fitter kept his Christmas in the genial fashion so well represented in the text, and also on the frontispiece, of Mr. Dickens' charming Prose Carol of 1843. All the people in his employment, with their wives and children, partook of his roast beef and plum-pudding; and when the warehouse was cleared for the ball, the first admired performance was a *pas seul*—"Master Jacky's hornpipe."

When William approached his fifteenth birthday, his father intimated to Mr. Moises that he meant to take the boy from school, and bind him appren-

tice to himself. Mr. Moises expressed much regret—assured Mr. Scott that the lad had in him that which must ensure success in any of the learned professions—and suggested that, from the accident of his birthplace, he was entitled to be a competitor for one of certain scholarships at University College, Oxford, set apart for natives of "the bishoprick." Without some such help, Mr. Scott could not in prudence, at that stage of his own career, have entertained the scheme of sending a son to college. William was delighted at the new prospect—tried, and won; and this was the great turning-point in the fortunes of both the illustrious brothers; for William Scott covered himself with honor in his early academical career, and before John was old enough for leaving Mr. Moises, had become fellow and tutor of his college—one of the established authorities and principal ornaments of Oxford. He had watched over John's progress with at once a fraternal and a parental zeal, and now urged on their father to repeat the experiment which already, in his own case, had proved eminently successful. John's ambition had been naturally stirred in that direction; and in May, 1766, he set out for Alma Mater, to be entered as a commoner under the tutorship of William.

"I have seen it remarked," says Lord Eldon in his Anecdote Book, (1827,) "that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all stages. I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene*, [i. e., *quick enough, if well enough*—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, 'Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?'—'No.'—'Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*.' After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then a few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, *Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*."

Lord Stowell used to tell that when he had to introduce John at Oxford, he was quite ashamed of the mere boyishness of his appearance—he was not quite fifteen; but he had been so well prepared, and continued to use such diligence, that before the lapse of a year, he stood for and carried a fellowship in University College, open to natives of Northumberland; and though there is no reason to suppose that he ever was looked upon as at all likely to rival his elder brother in classical attainments, the strength of his understand, and variety and accuracy of his information, had raised his character high before he took his first degree. In the twentieth year of his age he won the prize for the Essay in English Prose: subject, “The advantages and disadvantages of foreign travel;” but so shy was he, that friends had actually to shove him into the rostrum when the production was to be recited at the Commemoration. Among his contemporaries at University were several persons subsequently of high eminence—among others, Sir William Jones, Lord Moira, and Mr. Windham. John Scott appears to have been through life regarded with kindness by all who had mixed familiarly with him at this period; and not a few of them profited largely by his remembrance. No temperance medal was, in those days, among the usual objects of Oxonian ambition. The “Anecdote Book” has some sad stories about doctors and dons in their cups; and Mr. Twiss advisedly quotes these before producing this paragraph of his own.

“When Christ Church meadow was overflowed and sufficiently frozen for skating, people used to ply on the ice with kegs of brandy and other cordials for the skaters. John Scott, then an under-graduate, was skating over a part of the meadow where the ice, being infirm, broke in, and let him into a ditch, up to his neck in water. When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a glass of something warm; upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer: ‘None of your brandy for that wet young man—he never drinks but when he is dry.’”—vol. i., p. 54.

Very near the end of his life, when Lord Abingdon brought some motion about the game laws before the House of Lords, the Ex-Chancellor Eldon took occasion to confess, that probably no one had poached more diligently on that noble family’s preserves than himself. They are very near Oxford. But it is not likely that he had done great damage. Somebody asked Lord Stowell once, whether his brother was a good shot. He answered with his usual sly gravity, “I believe he kills a good deal of—time.”

After taking his degree he continued to reside as fellow, meaning at the proper age to take holy orders, and looking to a college living as his ultimate provision in life. Such would, pictably, have been the issue, but for almighty love. Spending the long vacation of 1771 in the north,

he saw, it is said, for the first time, and at some distance from Newcastle, (in Sedgefield church, to wit,) Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a leading banker in his native town, and he was instantly smitten with a lasting passion. He had, it seems, been susceptible in this way even when at school. According to the anecdote book, he was “always in love.” Miss Surtees was only in her seventeenth year, but already talked of as “the Newcastle Beauty.” The Oxonian’s personal advantages were not unworthy of a beauty’s notice; he was a singularly handsome young man, and, as all who remember him in advanced age will also believe without difficulty, a most agreeable one. The banker was alarmed, and sent his daughter on a visit to a relation in the neighborhood of Henley-upon-Thames, in order that she might be out of John Scott’s way; but she had not been recalled when the Oxford term commenced, and Oxford is within an easy “lover’s journey” of Henley. Next summer Mr. John again visited Newcastle: he found it generally believed that a very rich old gentleman, recently a widower, was numbered among the numerous aspirants for the fair Elizabeth’s favor, and that his pretensions were supported warmly by Mr. Surtees. Whatever accelerated the romance, it galloped to a conclusion; for on a moonless night of September, 1772, Miss Bessy trusted herself to a ladder; a post-chaise was ready—the fugitives were safe across the border before either of them was missed, and married early next day at Blackshields—not, however, by a blacksmith, nor even by a justice of the peace, but by an Episcopal minister. The couple immediately returned southwards, and reaching Morpeth at nightfall, were greeted with the announcement that a marching regiment had just halted there, and that there was no lodging to be had for money or love. The landlady of the inn, however, on being made aware of their circumstances, behaved herself like a Christian woman, and abdicated her own chamber. When their evasion was discovered, great was the wrath at the banker’s; not less the consternation in the chare-foot; and the coal-fitter, after reading the letter which Mr. John had left behind him, looked so black that his daughters were all drowned in tears, expecting hard resolutions. In the course of two days, however, the father melted, and when the fugitives drew their curtains on the third morning at the Nag’s Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one, the sure herald of tidings from home—the favorite dog of the bridegroom’s younger brother. Henry was in search of them, charged with a missive which began with severity, but ended with an invitation to Love Lane, where the hero and heroine took up their quarters accordingly the same evening. Mr. Surtees, on understanding where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, proclaimed his conviction that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction; and for some time would listen to no protestation whatever on that subject.

It is said (and Mr. Twiss seems to believe the story) that a wealthy and childless old citizen of Newcastle called on the coal-fitter at this crisis, and after expressing his apprehensions that Mr. Surtees was too proud to relent, offered to provide at once for the young couple, by taking John Scott into partnership with himself, as a grocer; that both father and son received this communication with much thankfulness; but that John considered it due to his elder brother that his opinion should be obtained before a decision was made; and that William Scott's answer alone turned the scale against the figs.

Ere long feelings softened, and matters were arranged. On the 7th January, 1773, Mr. Surtees covenanted to pay £1000, as his daughter's portion, with five per cent. interest until payment; and Mr. Scott very handsomely settled £2000 in like manner, on his son John. The couple were then re-married, *in facie ecclesie*, in presence of both families, and set off for the south; "where," writes the future Chancellor at the time, "I have now two strings to my bow." Though his fellowship was legally determined by his marriage, it was customary to allow "a year of grace," during which such a marriage remained tacitly unobserved; so that had a college living fallen within the twelve months, he might accept it, and take orders according to his original plan. This was one string. He no doubt owed the other to his brother's advice and assistance. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, with the purpose of pursuing a legal career, in case no benefice should turn up during the year of grace. Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Chambers, a friend of both the brothers, and, like themselves, trained at Newcastle School and University College, was at this time Master of New Inn Hall, and Vinerian Professor of Law. He had the power of delegating the duties of his chair, and he now appointed John Scott Deputy Professor, with an allowance of £60 per annum, and the use of the Master's lodgings at New Inn Hall, of which Hall the Master happened to be the only member. As Chambers' deputy he had merely to read his MS. lectures, the drift of which, as the "Anecdote Book" confesses, he often could not in the least comprehend; but that could not have been the case as to the very first discourse that he was called on to deliver from the Vinerian desk, for this was on the statute of Philip and Mary touching the *Abduction of Maidens*. Mr. Wm. Scott, moreover, was very willing to have his brother's assistance in the tutoring at University, for which John no doubt had remuneration. His eldest son was born in New Inn Hall before the year of grace expired. No benefice had fallen: the fellowship was then declared vacant; and all thoughts of the Church were laid aside.

The establishment at New Inn Hall was so convenient in his circumstances that he remained there till he had eaten nearly all the requisite terms at the Temple. He finally left Oxford in 1775, and taking a small house in Cursitor street, pursued with redoubled zeal the legal studies, in which he had made no trivial progress even before his bow lost its first string. He had, it seems, mastered "Coke upon Littleton," by incessant reperusal and analysis, so thoroughly, that the whole book had become part of his mind; and to the last he continued of opinion that every English lawyer, with a view to ultimate economy of time, should commence with the same stiff acquisition. All notions of royal roads to learning and law made easy,

he cordially despised. *Nil magnum absque labore*. On settling in town his character and circumstances being made known to Mr. Duane, a distinguished conveyancer (a Roman Catholic) connected with Northumberland, that gentleman handsomely offered to take him as a pupil without a fee; and he attended Mr. Duane with extreme diligence, to his vast benefit. He could not afford to see a special pleader, but obtained possession of a large MS. collection of precedents, and copied out three folio volumes of them with his own hand. In a word, no branch of the fit preparation deterred him; and perhaps Mr. Twiss could not have rendered a more important service to the law students of the present day than by the minute record he has now represented of the great Chancellor's preliminary exertions, with his repeated attestation, in later days, how continually he had felt in his progress through life the benefit of not having shrunk from the long and obscure toil of deep and firm foundations. He used to say, "those were laborious days, but not unhappy;" and though a few desponding phrases are scattered over his early letters, we can well believe that such was the case upon the whole. It was his custom to rise at four every morning, and when reading at night he bound a wet towel round his head to check the invasion of drowsiness. Though fond naturally of conviviality, he practised the most rigid abstemiousness, and for years hardly ever sat at meat with any companion but the devoted young partner of all his cares.* A medical friend, it seems, conceived very serious alarm on seeing how this habitual course of life was telling on his appearance. "It is no matter," he said, "I must do as I am now doing, or starve." Some years after his marriage he writes to a college friend—"How despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labor too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers." Towards the end of his life, in passing through Cursitor-street with his secretary, he paused and said, "Here was my first perch. How often have I run down to Fleet-market, with a sixpence in my hand, to buy sprats for supper."

During several years, no question, he had to maintain a tough struggle: but prosperous old age often pleases itself with exaggerating the difficulties of youth. It is like the victorious general's disposition to do full justice to the enemy's muster roll. The fact is, that Mr. Surtees, in 1775, settled a second sum of £1000, bearing interest, on his daughter; and that the worthy coal-fitter dying in November, 1776, bequeathed an additional £1000 to John Scott. From about the date of their establishment in London, therefore, the couple (supposing them to have incurred no debt) would seem to have had a free income of £250 per annum, which, we fancy, seventy years ago, would go as far as £400 at present. Their few olive-branches did not appear in rapid succession. William Scott inherited from his father about £25,000, and was always a true brother to John. We question if one brother ever owed more in

* Though his brother was already, in 1773—the date of the Hebridean excursion—one of Dr. Johnson's familiar associates, and ultimately one of his most intimate friends, the name of John Scott does not occur once in Boswell. Johnson, however, had much regard for him—and sent him from his death-bed, in 1784, a kind message, begging him never to do legal work on a Sunday. His last words to Sir Joshua Reynolds were to the like effect.

every way to another than Lord Eldon did to Lord Stowell; and he certainly, in every way possible, acknowledged a most grateful sense of the obligation.

He was called to the bar in January, 1766—but besides attending regularly from that time in the courts, he continued during many months after to spend several hours daily in Mr. Duane's chambers—for he delighted in conveyancing as much as Selden himself. The following story shows how little the solicitors disturbed him:—

"When I was called to the bar," said he to his niece, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."—p. 100.

Towards the end of this year his Bessy, who always sat by him however late he labored, was so alarmed with his sinking aspect that she insisted on his consulting Dr. Heberden. On hearing his name and statement, the doctor said, "Are you the young gentleman that gained the prize for the essay at Oxford?" "Yes, sir." "Then," continued Heberden, "I'll not take a fee for giving you a little advice. *Travel*—go down to Bath for three weeks, and if the waters bring out a fit of the gout, all will go well with you." Mr. Scott obeyed—the gout appeared—and from that hour he considered his constitution to have undergone a favorable change.

The "Anecdote Book" records abundance of the Westminster Hall gossip of those days—notabilia of judges and leading barristers—tricks of attorneys, and so forth; but during three weary years hardly a glimpse of business. He went the Northern Circuit naturally—but even at Newcastle scarcely ever came in for any better employment than the defence of some pauper charged with a petty felony:—

"In Mr. Scott's time, a considerable number of these offences were capital, and caused much anxiety to the defending counsel. It is true that, in nine cases out of ten, there could be then, as now, but little scope for an advocate's skill; because, in at least that proportion of cases, the nature of the proof for the prosecution is so direct and positive as to baffle all the arts of defence, and the acquittals, occasionally pronounced, proceed, for the most part, from the absence of some material piece of evidence, or the mistake or wilfulness of some one or more of the witnesses or jurymen. Now and then, however, there will really be enough of doubt to give the prisoner a fair chance of acquittal, if his counsel do not commit him by an indiscreet questioning of the witnesses; and the general vice of young and inexperienced advocates is a proneness to this imprudence. But Mr. Scott's discretion and caution—

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis—

exempted him from the common error. He was wont to say, jocularly, that he had been a most effective advocate for prisoners; for that he had seldom put a question to a prosecutor."—pp. 105, 106.

Late in life he told this striking story of an as-size scene to one of his daughters:—

"I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last, the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged."

In the autumn of 1779 he did not go the circuit. He had borrowed money from William for so many of these journeys, and earned nothing by them, that he could not make up his mind to apply again: and on discovering why he had staid in town, William writes thus to their younger brother Henry:—"I heartily wish that business may bristen a little, or he will be utterly sick of his profession. I do all I can to keep up his spirits, but he is very gloomy."

Meantime a certain solitary case which he had argued in the Rolls Court in 1788 was about to be heard on appeal in the House of Lords. In that case he had urged a point not only not suggested in his brief, but entirely discountenanced by the solicitor. The Master of the Rolls decided against him. His own client disapproved of the appeal—which was the act of another party. Mr. Scott was desired to state at the bar of the House of Lords that his client "consented." He insisted on restating his point. The solicitor smiled, but allowed him to do so—it could not make things worse than they were already—he should, however, have no better fee than *one guinea*. Behold, Lord Thurlow listened very earnestly—took three days to consider—reversed the decree of the Rolls Court solely on Mr. Scott's argument: and this decision of Lord Thurlow has regulated all similar questions since that day—March 4, 1780. This was the case of *Ackroyd versus Smithson*. Lord Eldon's account concludes thus:—

"As I left the Hall, a respectable solicitor, of the name of Forster, came up and touched me on the shoulder, and said—'Young man, your bread and butter is cut for life.'"

Nevertheless, matters were so little mended, that when about the Christmas of that year the Recordership of Newcastle became vacant, and his friends procured him an offer of it, he signified his acceptance of the situation. The salary was small—but he thought he should have a fair chance of some provincial business besides—and the temptation was irresistible. A house was taken for him at Newcastle—he was engaged in preparations for immediate removal. This was the state of things when he went to bed on the night of the 13th of March, 1781. Next morning at six o'clock—thus Lord Eldon told the story a few weeks before his death to one of his family:—

"Mr. (afterwards Lord) Curzon, and four or five gentlemen, came to my door and woke me, and when I inquired what they wanted, they stated that the Clitheroe election case was to come on, that morning at ten o'clock, before a committee of the House of

Commons, that Mr. Cooper had written to say he was detained at Oxford by illness and could not arrive to lead the cause, and that Mr. Hardinge, the next counsel, refused to do so, because he was not prepared. 'Well, gentlemen,' said I, 'what do you expect me to do, that you are here?' They answered, 'they did not know what to expect or to do, for the cause must come on at ten o'clock, and they were totally unprepared, and had been recommended to me, as a young and promising counsel.' I answered, 'I will tell you what I can do. I can undertake to make a dry statement of facts, if that will content you, gentlemen, but more I cannot do, for I have no time to make myself acquainted with the law.' They said that must do; so I begged they would go down stairs and let me get up as fast as I could. Well, I did state the facts, and the cause went on for fifteen days. It found me poor enough, but I began to be rich before it was done: they left me fifty guineas at the beginning; then there were ten guineas every day, and five guineas every evening for a consultation—more money than I could count. But, better still, the length of the cause gave me time to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the law. * * * * We were beaten in the committee by one vote. * * * After this speech, Mansfield, afterwards Sir James Mansfield, came up to me in Westminster Hall, and said he heard that I was going to leave London, but strongly advised me to remain in London. I told him that I could not, that I had taken a house in Newcastle, that I had an increasing family, in short, that I was compelled to quit London. Afterwards Wilson came to me and pressed me in the same manner to remain in London, adding what was very kind, 'that he would ensure me 400*l.* the next year.' I gave him the same answer as I had given Mansfield. However, I did remain in London, and lived to make Mansfield Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Wilson a Puisne Judge."

After giving some details of good luck on the next Northern Circuit, Mr. Twiss recurs to the Ackroyd case and the Clitheroe petition as having, in effect, decided the question of Mr. Scott's success at the bar: he then adds:—

"At the present day, from the great competition of very learned and very able practitioners, a few occasional opportunities do little, however they be improved. Among the more influential class of attorneys and solicitors, it has become usual to bring up a son or other near relation to the bar, who, if his industry and ability be such as can at all justify his friends in employing him, absorbs all the business which they and their connexion can bestow: and the number of barristers thus powerfully supported is now so great, that *few men* lacking such an advantage can secure a hold upon business. But at the time when Mr. Scott began his professional life, the usage had not grown up of coming into the field with a '*following*' already secured. Education being less general, fewer competitors attempted the bar: and even among the educated classes, a large proportion of adventurous men devoted themselves to naval and military pursuits, which have now been deprived of their attraction by a peace of more than a quarter of a century. In those days, therefore, it might well happen, as with Mr. Scott it actually did, that a couple of good opportunities, ably used, would make the fortune of an assiduous barrister in London."—p. 121.

Without doubt there is a great deal of truth here—but we do not believe that any change that has occurred will prevent a man of great talents and energies from rising at the bar, if he sticks to it. That is the rub. A vast deal of bar business can be done well enough by apprentices and journeymen of the gown; but there always has been,

and will be, a higher department in which neither connexion nor influence of any sort can do much for a common man—from which nothing ever can exclude a man of Scott's calibre, so he will but *bide his time*. Such men are "*few*"—but were they ever many?

Lord Mansfield used to say he had known no interval between no business at all and 3000*l.* a-year. Mr. Scott's advance in the profession seems to have been hardly less rapid. By 1783, at the age of thirty-two, he had a silk gown, and was at the head of the Northern Circuit. Great and lucrative as his practice soon came to be, it must have been infinitely more gainful but for the rare delicacy of his professional conscience. No fees had he from the extensive firm of "Snap, Gammon, and Quirk." Of one very rich branch of business, of which he might have engrossed the lion's share if he pleased, he had, after a very little while, next to nothing—the business of "answering questions." He would sign no opinion on a point of law without a thorough examination of authorities; he would sign none as to the probable issue of a case set before him, without sifting the facts so minutely, and suggesting the effect of so many *possibly* omitted particulars, that even solicitors of the higher class recoiled: it was as if, seeking an advocate, they had stumbled *in limine* on a judge. At the bar itself he appears to have, from the first, acted on a system equally scrupulous. We find him at a very early period taking to task a friendly senior, in the full career of eminence, for some such laxity of forensic ethics as even Dr. Johnson has countenanced, and compelling the reluctant confession,—"*Master Scott, you have ensured me an uneasy pillow.*" He never could be brought to understand that it was consistent with the honor of a gentleman to misrepresent in the slightest degree either law to a judge or facts to a jury.

Every legal sciolist of his day reëchoed the party cry against Lord Eldon as a slow, procrastinating judge. How many have been also accustomed to hear him spoken of as too fond of money! Let candid people, before they again listen to such calumny, study the passage (vol. i., p. 137-8) from the "*Anecdote Book*" in which Lord Eldon so modestly, with such a graceful mixture of charity and self-respect, contrasts Mr. Kenyon's 3000*l.* a-year for opinions, with his own scarce anything. Let them consider, too, that he was never even suspected of any of the sordid obliquities to this hour so common in court-practice. No contemporary ever dared to insinuate that Mr. Scott took the fee and evaded the labor.

William Scott, though he did not begin to practise at Doctors' Commons until November, 1779, had been appointed Advocate-General for the office of Lord High Admiral, before his brother received a silk gown. A few months later, Dr. Scott, when on an excursion to Wales, was seized with a violent fever; for some days his life was despaired of—he himself had abandoned all hope. He had been married only a year before. Some letters from his sick-bed afford touching evidence of the love and confidence that had hitherto subsisted between him and John, and which continued unbroken during more than fifty years afterwards.

"My great comfort is to write on to my dearest Jack, and about my wife. Act for me. *Wife, child.* She knows I recommend to you her case.

"Object of my life to make sisters easy.

"Save * * * from ruin if we can.

"Protect my memory by your kindness. Life ebbs very fast with me; my dying thoughts are all kindness and fraternal love about you.

"While sensation remains, I think on my dearest brother, with whom I have spent my life. I die with the same sentiments. As the hand of death approaches, it is a consolation to think of him. Oh, cherish my wife! if you loved me, be a brother to her. You will have trouble about my affairs—you will not grudge it. Oh, take care of her! I leave you that duty. It is the last relief of my failing mind. Cherish my memory. Keep *** from ruin if you can by any application of any part of my child's fortune that is reasonable.

"Once more farewell. God bless you."—vol. i., p. 148.

In the same year (1783) John Scott received, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, (who had marked him from the day of the Ackroyd case,) the offer of a seat in parliament for Weobly, a borough then in the nomination of Lord Weymouth—one of those extinguished in 1832. The Anecdote Book says, "About that period there were many meetings for promoting *what was called reform in Parliament*:" of course, Mr. Scott's aversion for such schemes was well understood; he stipulated for entire independence, however, and acted accordingly in the House. In the course of his first session he spoke twice against Fox's India Bill—and Mr. Pitt felt the value of legal and constitutional learning which commanded Mr. Fox's respectful acknowledgment. In his second speech he attempted rather a florid style of illustration, which exposed him to some airy ridicule from Sheridan; and he had sense enough never again to trespass in like fashion. Rarely presenting himself except when great principles were in question—and, having thoroughly mastered the subject, he had that to say which was his own, and worth saying—and on all occasions stating his views with equal firmness and courtesy—he speedily established himself in the opinion of the House. Although he distinguished himself, on some trying questions, in opposition to Mr. Pitt, the general accordance of their political tenets, and the rapid increase of his authority as a legal debater, were such that his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General, in June, 1788, seemed as natural as judicious. No wiser or more fortunate selection was ever made by that great minister.

In November of that year the illness of George III. opened the great question of the Regency; and, as Mr. Twiss says, "It was pretty well understood that from Sir John Scott was derived the whole of the legal doctrine on which ministers proceeded in this important matter." In his first speech, in fact, he exhausted the constitutional principle so completely that the subsequent debates offer nothing but unsuccessful attempts to answer him, and triumphant replications drawn from his arsenal. The king's happy recovery arrested the progress of the ministerial measure, and his Majesty lost no time in expressing personally his sense of the great services rendered the crown by this first grand display of the Solicitor-General's parliamentary resources:—

"The king told him that he had no other business with him than to thank him for the affectionate fidelity with which he adhered to him when so many had deserted him in his malady."—vol. i., p. 196.

From that hour he held a high place—it soon was a place second to none—in the confidence of the best and ablest of British sovereigns.

Lord Eldon, in his "Anecdote Book," treats with contempt the story still current, that Lord Thurlow, during the progress of the Regency Bill, carried on "secretly from the rest of the king's friends, a negotiation with the prince's party, for the purpose of continuing himself on the woolsack under their expected ministry."

"I do not believe there was a word of truth in that report. I was at the time honored with Lord Thurlow's intimacy. Scarcely a day passed in which there was not much interesting conversation upon that subject between Lord Thurlow and the king's friends, with which I was acquainted. I have no doubt that it was the opinion of many of the king's friends that it was very desirable, for the king's sake, that Lord Thurlow should continue chancellor, however the regency administration might be composed, if that could be so arranged. Considering the extreme heat and bitterness of parties in Parliament after the king recovered, it seems very extraordinary that, if Lord Thurlow's conduct had been dishonorable, no allusion should be made to it in debates, when he might have had an opportunity of explaining."

Lord Eldon also says, "What it was that occasioned the rupture between Pitt and Thurlow (1792) I never could find out." The meaning is that he never knew what was the last and immediate quarrel; for he adds that "he had long looked forward to the probability of such an event with great pain." Mr. Pitt requested the Solicitor-General to call on him, and in person announced the retirement of the Chancellor. Sir John replied:—

"My resolution is formed. I owe too great obligations to Lord Thurlow to reconcile it to myself to act in political hostility to him, and I have too long and too conscientiously acted in political connexion with you to join any party against you. Nothing is left for me but to resign my office as Solicitor-General, and to make my bow to the House of Commons." Mr. Pitt reasoned with him, and implored him not to persist in that resolution, in vain; but at length prevailed upon him to consult Lord Thurlow before he proceeded any farther. Lord Thurlow said, 'Scott, if there be anything which could make me regret what has taken place, (and I do not repent it,) it would be that you should do so foolish a thing. I did not think that the king would have parted with me so easily. As to that other man, he has done to me just what I should have done to him, if I could. It is very possible that Mr. Pitt, from party and political motives, at this moment may overlook your pretensions, but sooner or later you must hold the Great Seal. I know no man but yourself qualified for its duties.'"—vol. i., p. 213.

To Lord Thurlow's deepest disgust, the Great Seal was given to Lord Loughborough: but Scott yielded to his reasoning and remained in office. Next year he succeeded Sir Archibald Macdonald as Attorney-General. In 1794 this imposed on him the heavy responsibility of conducting the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, &c. &c., for pro-

*There are many stories of Lord Thurlow in the "Anecdote Book,"—the most agreeable to our mind is this:—"Lord Thurlow, upon the point of giving a clergyman a living, stated to him, that he must desire he would continue the same curate who had been there in the time of his predecessor, and whom he believed to be a deserving man. The clergyman represented that his intended arrangements were such that he could not do so. 'Very well,' replied Lord Thurlow, 'if you will not take him for your curate, I will make him the rector.' And he did so."—vol. i., p. 323.

We wish this story had been published a little sooner—*et pour cause*.

ceedings, in his opinion, treasonable, arising out of the infection of the French Revolution. These pages illustrate very strikingly the calm, invincible courage of Scott amidst the furious popular excitement of the time—not less so his exemplary forbearance and good temper in court—and, we must add, the high gentlemanlike feeling with which his leading opponent, Erskine, treated the Attorney-General both in the court and beyond its walls. Of the policy of prosecuting on the charge of treason which inferred the production of all the evidence at his command respecting the conduct of the Secret Societies, we have Sir John's own defence at great length in the "Anecdote Book." The pith lies, however, in one sentence:—

"Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons, and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that National Convention which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it appeared to me to be more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of their transactions should be published, than that any of these individuals should be convicted."—vol. i., p. 28.

Mr. Pitt entirely concurred in the Attorney-General's views, and more than a year afterwards avowed in Parliament that he considered "the exposition of that immense mass of matter" to have been the chief instrument in "opening the eyes of the unwary, checking the incautious, and deterring the timid"—in other words, of arresting the revolutionary movement in England. Mr. Twiss dissents; he is of opinion that the better course would have been to prosecute for a seditious misdemeanor, in which case there would probably have been a conviction—and then to "publish that part of the evidence which had been spared at the trials: by which course the government would equally have conveyed all the material information to the public mind, would have had credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused, and would have finally stood in the position of successful vindicators of the law and constitution." (p. 287.) Mr. Twiss adds: "If, at this day, the preponderance appear to be against the policy then pursued, we must remember that we are now looking at the subject after the event, and that the judgments, which decided in favor of that policy, were those of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Eldon." (*Ibid.*) This is properly thought and said: but we doubt if Mr. Twiss had fully realized to himself the extent of the dangers of 1794; and we doubt still more gravely whether the publication of any mass of evidence *not taken upon oath*, would have been sufficient to convince the loyal Whigs of 1794 of the extent of those dangers. We also think that if Sir John Scott and Mr. Pitt, believing the English correspondents and allies of the triumphant French Jacobins to be guilty of treason, had chosen to prosecute them for a misdemeanor only, from the wish "to gain credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused," they would have acted in a manner utterly unworthy of their characters and their positions. But we must abstain from such controversies; and indeed we must content ourselves in passing over a world of more interesting matter connected with that momentous period—the first administration of Mr. Pitt. Throughout the whole of it Sir John Scott was

his legal mainstay. Mr. Wilberforce says in his Diary:—

"Sir John Scott used to be a great deal at my house. I saw much of him then, and it is no more than his due to say, that, when he was Solicitor and Attorney-General under Pitt, he never fawned and flattered as some did, but always assumed the tone and station of a man who was conscious that he must show he respects himself, if he wishes to be respected by others."—*Life of Wilberforce*, vol. v., p. 214.

From 1789 to 1798 his professional income seems to have averaged about £10,000. In 1792 he purchased for £22,000 the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham, and accepting the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in July, 1799, he was on that occasion elevated to the peerage as Baron Eldon of Eldon. About a year earlier Sir Wm. Scott had become Judge of the Court of Admiralty and a Privy Councillor.

Throughout all stages of their career both brothers appear to have maintained every feeling of domestic regard and affection alive in pristine warmth. Here is the first letter that was signed "Eldon."

"*Lincoln's Inn, 19th July, 1799.*"

"My dear Mother,—I cannot act under any other feeling than that you should be the first to whom I write after changing my name. My brother Harry will have informed you, I hope, that the king has been pleased to make me Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a Peer. I feel that, under the blessing of Providence, I owe this—I hope I may say I owe this—to a life spent in conformity to those principles of virtue, which the kindness of my father and mother early inculcated, and which the affectionate attention of my brother, Sir William, improved in me. I hope God's grace will enable me to do my duty in the station to which I am called. I write in some agitation of spirits, but I am anxious to express my love and duty to my mother, and affection to my sisters, when I first subscribe myself,

"Your loving and affectionate Son,

"ELDON."

We have seen what was Thurlow's opinion of him in 1792. Here is Kenyon's in July, 1799.

"The Lord Chief Justice of England took an opportunity, from the Bench, of expressing his congratulations to the profession, particularly to those who practised in the Common Pleas, on the appointment of one, who, he said, would probably be found 'the most consummate judge that ever sat in judgment.'"—vol. i., p. 331.

It was in those days the invariable rule that, even out of court, the "twelve Judges of England" should be distinguishable by their dress—in town at least they wore nothing but full suits of black, and a wig was indispensable. Lady Eldon, who, among other points of a good wife, retained to the last a high admiration for her husband's outward man, rebelled so vehemently against the social wig that the new Chief Justice applied to the king in person—mentioning that he was afflicted with headaches, and suggesting that wigs after all were unknown down to a comparatively recent period of our history. George III. answered with a smile, "No, no—no innovations in my time. If you will wear your beards again you may drop your wigs—not otherwise." So Lord Eldon had to wear a wig wherever he was, till he quitted the Common Law bench. Such was the practice until the reforming era of William IV., when, like more important things, the craft of the wig-maker

sustained heavy blows. The Episcopal cauliflower, under the pelting of that storm, all but disappeared. The last Judge who bore his mark about him in the world was, we think, Mr. Justice Park. The wig was inconvenient, and in many cases unseemly, but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that a supreme judge of the land ought to bear some recognizable badge of his dignity about him, we do not say in the streets, but in every social assembly, for the same reason that the heads of the church now do so. We have never reconciled ourselves to your sage of the law in Truefit curls, satin cravat, embroidered waistcoat, primrose gloves, and French-polished Wellingtons—but the female influence no doubt all went with Lady Eldon.

"The days of his Chief Justiceship, though they lasted only from July, 1799, to April, 1801, contributed greatly to his fame. On the bench of a Common Law Court no scope was allowed to his only judicial imperfection, the tendency to hesitate. A Common Law Judge, when he has to try causes at Nisi Prius, or indictments in a Crown Court, must sum up and state his opinion to the jury on the instant; and when he sits in bank with his brethren to decide questions of law, must keep pace with them in coming to his conclusions. Thus compelled to decide without postponement, Lord Eldon at once established the highest judicial reputation: a reputation, indeed, which afterwards wrought somewhat disadvantageously against himself when Lord Chancellor, by showing how little ground there was for his diffidence, and consequently how little necessity for his doubts and delays."—vol. i., p. 340.

He himself in his Anecdote Book and in many letters and reported conversations, refers to the period when he sat in the Court of Common Pleas as the happiest of his life. It was a short one—and it was the only one in his public life during which he remained apart from the struggles of party politics. The king, it is now evident, would gladly have made him chancellor on the dismissal of Thurlow. He tells us that his Majesty, on his appointment to the Common Pleas, asked and received his promise that if ever the Great Seal was offered him he would accept the trust; and there can be little doubt that when George III. made this stipulation, his Majesty already foresaw the difficulties that were to arise from the collision of his own and Mr. Pitt's views as to the Roman Catholic claims. As soon as the Irish Union was completed that collision became a practical one; and these Memoirs prove, to the confusion of various "Historians," that here was not only the chief but the sole cause of Mr. Pitt's resignation in March, 1801. He found the king rooted in his conviction, and observing the agitation and excitement produced whenever the subject was approached—the minister thought it was his duty to retire from office rather than to persist in his efforts at the imminent hazard of the king's mind, with all the then probable consequences to the royal family, and to the nation at large, of such a calamity.

It appears from the Anecdote Book, that Lord Eldon never knew until Dr. Philpotts published in 1827 the correspondence of George III. and Mr. Pitt, preserved among Lord Kenyon's papers, with what "securities" for the Protestant Establishment Mr. Pitt had proposed to accompany Roman Catholic Emancipation. Lord Eldon considered the "securities" thus brought under his notice as worthless; but dwells with natural satisfaction on the evidence that Mr. Pitt had thought "securities"

indispensable. It is curious that he should have had anything to learn in 1827 about what was agitated in 1801; for on Mr. Pitt's resignation he became Chancellor, he tells us, solely in consequence of the royal intervention;—"I was the king's chancellor, not the minister's."

"More than thirty years afterwards, he said to his niece, 'I do not know what made George III. so fond of me; but he was fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus, (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part,) and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, "I give them to you from my heart."'

"It seems probable," says Mr. Twiss, "that the unusual demonstration with which the king accompanied the transfer of the Great Seal, may have been partly occasioned by the unsettled state of the royal mind." In effect, the king was not well enough to hold a council until about a month had elapsed; and during that space Lord Eldon continued Chief Justice of the Common Pleas as well as Chancellor, discharging all the duties of both offices. If he had resigned the Common Pleas at once, and the king's illness continued, "it was thought certain," says the Anecdote Book, "that on a ministerial change the Grand Seal would be taken away and the Chief Justiceship not restored." But if such was his view of the case, it is certain that he held the seal during many subsequent months on a most doubtful tenure. These pages exhibit abundantly, though as delicately we must believe as was found compatible with justice to Lord Eldon, the miserable vacillations of the king's state down to almost the close of 1801. Unhappy dissension in the royal family appears to have operated most painfully on a mind already shaken and shattered by political anxieties. It was at such times as these—subsequently, alas! if not previously, of no rare occurrence—that the responsibility of a minister, but above all of a Lord Chancellor, must have pressed with truly awful weight upon any but a callous conscience, upon any courage but the firmest. It was the duty of Lord Eldon to soothe and spare the king's irritable feelings by every possible gentleness and forbearance—to watch for moments when urgent business could be really comprehended and fitly done without danger—but to defer whatever could be deferred; and with what consummate tenderness and discretion he managed to steer through such a complication of difficulties, every candid reader of these memoirs must form the same opinion. Nor will any such reader close the page without a sense of humiliation, seeing how many of the leading politicians of the day, perverted by the bitterness of party, miscolored and distorted to the public, perhaps to themselves, the motives under which the great magistrate acted, and the uses to which alone he applied his near access to the royal person, and the influence which his respectful care and zeal could not fail to consolidate. The letters from the queen, the princess Elizabeth, and the royal physicians to Lord Eldon during this anxious year, do high honor to all concerned—not least to the illustrious patient himself, who even when most grievously afflicted and disturbed, even in the wanderings of delirium, reminds us often of what Sir Thomas Browne says so beautifully in his *Tract on Dreams*:—"However these may be fallacious concerning outward events, yet they be truly significant at home, and thereby we may more sensibly understand ourselves. Alexander would hardly

*have ran away in the combats of sleep, nor Demos-thenes have stood stoutly to it. Persons of radical integrity will not easily be perverted in their dreams, nor noble minds do pitiful things in sleep.**

Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book says—

"The king was recovering, but not entirely recovered, (in 1801,) when upon my visiting him, as I did every morning, he took out a watch from a drawer, and said he had worn it for twenty years, and desired me to accept it and wear it for his sake. I declined to accept it. At first he was extremely angry, and asked with much earnestness why I did not obey him. I said that it was impossible for me to be of any use to his Majesty; if, under the then circumstances, I accepted anything from him. He wept.

"Some nine or ten months afterwards, I was sitting in the chancery court, when a red box and key to it were delivered to me. I opened it, and found the identical watch and seal, with this letter:—

"The king takes this opportunity of forwarding to the lord chancellor the watch he mentioned the last spring; it has undergone a thorough cleaning, and been left with the maker many months, that the accurateness of its going might be ascertained. Facing ten minutes there is a spring, if pressed with the nail, will open the glass for setting the watch; or, turning the watch, pressing the back edge facing 50 minutes, the case opens for winding up.

GEORGE R.

"The seal contains a figure of Religion looking up to heaven, and a figure of justice with no bandage over the eyes; the motto, 'His Dirige Te.'"

Lord Eldon was the ablest and most strenuous supporter of Mr. Addington's government in the House of Lords; he continued to be so to its last hour; and to the last hour of his own life he continued on terms of the most intimate and affectionate friendship with Lord Sidmouth. Nevertheless it has been asserted by many writers of these days, and insinuated, to say the least, very recently by no less eminent a writer than Lord Brougham, ("Statesmen," vol. ii., p. 53,) that Mr. Addington's "politic and scheming" chancellor prepared and conducted an intrigue for the purpose of excluding Mr. Addington, and reinstalling Mr. Pitt in the premiership; nay, Lord Brougham even goes so far as to express his belief that Lord Eldon was "bold and unscrupulous" enough to use his influence with the sovereign towards the reinstatement of Mr. Pitt when the royal mind was in so diseased a condition that it was necessary for him, the chancellor, to have Dr. Willis with him in the royal closet, and the "mad doctor's assistants and apparatus" in the adjoining apartment. Mr. Twiss, in alluding to these dark imputations ob-

* Sir T. Browne's Works, vol. iv., p. 357, (Wilkins' edition, 1835.)

Dr. Robert Willis writes to Lord Eldon, May 25th, 1801, from Kew:—"This morning I walked with his Majesty, who was in a perfectly composed and quiet state. He told me, with great seeming satisfaction, that he had had a most charming night, but one sleep from eleven to half after four; when, alas! he had but three hours' sleep in the night, which, upon the whole, was past in restlessness, in getting out of bed, opening the shutters, in praying at times violently, and in making such remarks as betray a consciousness in him of his own situation, but which are evidently made for the purpose of concealing it from the queen. He frequently called out, 'I am now perfectly well, and my queen, my queen has saved me.'—Vol. i., p. 376.

"The king, during one of his illnesses, complained to Lord Eldon that a man in the employ of his physicians had knocked him down. 'When I got up again,' added the king, 'I said my foot had slipped, and ascribed my fall to that; it would not do for me to admit that the king had been knocked down by any one.'—p. 426.

serves that Lord Brougham must have forgotten the fact that Lord Eldon denied every circumstance thus alleged in the House of Lords in 1811, when all the royal physicians of 1804 were alive; and we have no doubt this was the fact. Yet it is very satisfactory to find that an overwhelming mass of contemporary evidence is now produced in reference to the transactions in question.

It is now proved that, in place of there having been any private understanding beforehand between Mr. Pitt and Lord Eldon, Mr. Pitt himself, when the chancellor waited on him by the king's command to signify that his Majesty wished to see him with a view to new arrangements, received the messenger with the greatest coldness: in short, that Mr. Pitt believed Lord Eldon to have been guilty of using his influence with the king under circumstances such as have been alluded to—that is to say, of holding political conversations with his Majesty when the presence of the doctors was necessary—not, however, with a view to facilitating Mr. Pitt's reinstatement as premier, but with a view to baffle Mr. Pitt's supposed project of bringing Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville into office with himself. We now see that Mr. Pitt paid his first visit to Buckingham house in 1804, under the impression that the stories which had reached him "from Carlton House" were true; that it was not until after he had conversed with the physicians, and ascertained—from them that not one of them had been present during any interview between the king and the chancellor—from his own observation that the king had never been more capable than he then was of forming a correct judgment "upon the most important of all questions—peace or war"—and, from the king's own mouth, that Lord Eldon had never, down to that moment, offered to the king the slightest suggestion as to the composition of another cabinet;—it was not till Mr. Pitt had ascertained all these points, and had thereupon, with the frankness which belonged to him, disclaimed to Lord Eldon every trace of suspicion, and apologized in the amplest manner for having lent a moment's credence to the "Carlton House reports"—it was not till then that Lord Eldon consented to let Mr. Pitt open to him his real views with respect to the reconstruction of the government. Mr. Pitt then communicated to Lord Eldon his opinion that, in the then alarming state of things, Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox ought to be invited to join. Lord Eldon told Mr. Pitt that he hated coalitions—that much as he differed from Fox, he would rather see Fox premier than Fox in a Pitt cabinet. Upon this they separated. Mr. Pitt found his king immovable as to Mr. Fox. Lord Grenville would not take office unless Mr. Fox did so too. Mr. Pitt then saw Lord Eldon again, and said, "with some indignation, he would teach that proud man that in the service and with the confidence of his king, he could do without him, though he thought his health such that it might cost him his life;" and requested Lord Eldon, the only grounds of difference being removed, to consent to remain chancellor—and Lord Eldon agreed. Various letters concerning these transactions between Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, and Lord Eldon and Lord Melville, together with Mr. Twiss' extracts from the Anecdote Book, effectively clear up this chapter of history. We quote one note from the king himself—which disposes, *inter alia*, of one and not the least disagreeable, of the insinuations countenanced by Lord Brougham:—

"Queen's Palace, May 18th, 1804. 5 m. past 10, A.M.

"The king having signed the commission for giving his royal assent, returns it to his excellent lord chancellor, whose conduct he most thoroughly approves. His Majesty feels the difficulties he has had, both political, and personally to the king; but the uprightness of Lord Eldon's mind, and his attachment to the king, have borne him with credit and honor, and (what the king knows will not be without its due weight) with the approbation of his sovereign, through an unpleasant labyrinth.

"The king saw Mr. Addington yesterday. * * * Mr. Addington spoke with his former warmth of friendship for the lord chancellor; he seems to require quiet, as his mind is perplexed between returning affection for Mr. Pitt, and great soreness at the contemptuous treatment he met with, the end of the last session, from one he had ever looked upon as his private friend. *This makes the king resolved to keep them for some time asunder.* GEORGE R."*

Lord Eldon says, in one of the most affecting pages of his Anecdote Book:—

"God grant that no future chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes. Such and so cordial was the love and affection his people bore to him, that a servant, meaning well and placed amidst great difficulties, would have been pardoned for much, if he had had occasion for indemnity."

We have much pleasure in transcribing also what follows:—

"I went with Mr. Pitt, not long before his death, from Roehampton to Windsor. Among much conversation upon various subjects, I observed to him that his station in life must have given him better opportunities of knowing men than almost any other person could possess; and I asked whether his intercourse with them, upon the whole, led him to think that the greater part of them were governed by reasonably honorable principles, or by corrupt motives. His answer was, that he had a favorable opinion of mankind upon the whole, and that he believed that the majority was really actuated by fair meaning and intention."—vol. i., p. 499.

Mr. Pitt expired on the 23d of January, 1806, at Putney. Mr. Twiss says, with truth and elegance:—

"The loss of such a man, in such a state of public affairs, appeared irreparable. Except his father, no minister of that already long reign had occupied so large a space in the sight of the nation. He had come in very early life to the aid of the sovereign, at a crisis when no other champion could be found to make head against a coalition as powerful in parliament as it was odious both to king and people; and the lofty vigor of that rescue fixed him in the confidence of the country as well as of the court. With the same energy and elevation of spirit he bore the state through the trying emergencies of the regency, and of the revolutionary propagandism; and the lucid majesty and volume of his eloquence—a far more potential influence in his day than in ours—threw around him a glory, which, as all the efforts of his great contemporaries could not eclipse it, so the long lapse of succeeding years has been unable to quench or to cloud."—vol. i., p. 508.

* It is, we suppose, probable that Lord Sidmouth's correspondence with George III. and Mr. Pitt—which we have seen, and which is very curious—will be ere long made public.

On the 7th of February, the arrangements of "All the Talents" being completed, Lord Eldon resigned the seals. The Anecdote Book says, "The king appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things; looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, 'Lay them down on the sofa, for I cannot, and I will not take them from you!'"

We may here introduce one of the most pleasing passages in this work; for it refers to the earlier days of Lord Eldon as chancellor:—

"One of the heaviest responsibilities of the chancellor, in Lord Eldon's time, was to examine the recorder's report of the sentences passed on criminals convicted at the Old Bailey. 'I was exceedingly shocked,' said Lord Eldon to his niece, 'the first time I attended to hear the recorder's report, at the careless manner in which, as it appeared to me, it was conducted. We were called upon to decide on sentences, affecting no less than the lives of men, and yet there was nothing laid before us, to enable us to judge whether there had or had not been any extenuating circumstances; it was merely a recapitulation of the judge's opinion, and the sentence. I resolved that I never would attend another report, without having read and duly considered the whole of the evidence of each case, and I never did. It was a considerable labor in addition to my other duties, but it is now a comfort to reflect that I did so, and that in consequence I saved the lives of several individuals.

"After all, Mary, I think I am wonderful, considering how much I have gone through; for mine has been no easy life. I will tell you what once happened to me. I was ill with the gout; it was in my feet; so I was carried into my carriage, and from it I was carried into my court. There I remained all the day, and delivered an arduous judgment. In the evening I was carried straight from my court to the house of lords; there I sat until two o'clock in the morning, when some of the lords came and whispered to me that I was expected to speak. I told them I really could not, I was ill, and I could not stand; but they still urged, and at last I hobbled, in some way or other, with their assistance, to the place from which I usually addressed the house. It was an important question:—I forgot my gout, and spoke for two hours [on the peace of Amiens]. Well, the house broke up, I was carried home, and at six in the morning I prepared to go to bed. My poor left leg had just got in, when I recollected I had important papers to look over, and that I had not had time to examine them; so I pulled my poor left leg out of bed, put on my clothes, and went to my study. I did examine the papers; they related to the recorder's report, which had to be heard that day; I was again carried into court, where I had to deliver another arduous judgment, again went to the house of lords, and it was not till the middle of the second night that I got into bed. These are hard trials to a man's constitution."—vol. i., pp. 405, 406.

We must give also the story of Miss Bridge:—

"In 1783, when Mr. Scott first became a candidate for the borough of Weobly, he was received and lodged in the house of Mr. Bridge, the vicar, who, having a daughter then a young child, took a jocular promise from him, that if he should ever become chancellor, and the little girl's husband should be a clergyman, the chancellor would give that clergyman a living. Now comes the sequel, partly related by Lord Eldon himself to [his niece] Mrs. Forster. Years rolled on—I came into office; when one morning I was told a young lady wished to speak to me; and I said that young ladies must be attended to, so they must show her up. And up came a very pretty young lady, and she courtesied and simpered, and said she thought I could not recollect her. I answered I certainly did not, but perhaps she could

recall herself to my memory; so she asked if I remembered the clergyman at Weobly, and his little girl to whom I had made a promise. 'Oh, yes!' I said, 'I do, and I suppose you are the little girl?' She courtesied and said 'Yes.' 'And I suppose you are married to a clergyman?' 'No,' she said, and she blushed, 'I am only going to be married to one, if you, my lord, will give him a living.' Well, I told her to come back in a few days; and I made inquiries to ascertain from the bishop of the diocese that the gentleman she was going to be married to was a respectable clergyman of the church of England; and then I looked at my list, and found I actually had a living vacant that I could give him. So when the young lady came back I told her she might return home and get married as fast as she liked, for her intended husband should be presented to a living, and I would send the papers as soon as they could be made out. 'Oh, no!' she exclaimed, and again she simpered, and blushed, and courtesied; 'pray, my lord, let me take them back myself.' I was a good deal amused: so I actually had the papers made out, and I signed them, and she took them back herself the following day."—vol. i., pp. 465-467.

But alas for the honor of man! Miss Bridge, after all, did not become Mrs. Jones until two years after the gentleman had been rector of Stanton. The son of the clergyman who ultimately married them at Stanton writes thus:—"Jones would have jilted the lady, but was shamed into the fulfilment of his engagement by the friends and relations of both parties. Miss Bridge, with her party, arrived there from Hereford in a post-chaise. *She refused, however, to enter the parsonage-house until she did so as his wife.*" To conclude the story, Mrs. Jones survived her husband, and, being in indigent circumstances, once more applied to the chancellor, "to obtain for her an admission into a recently instituted establishment, near Bath, for the support, maintenance, comfort, and benefit of the widows of clergymen and others. Lord Eldon not only complied with her request, but sent her money to defray the expenses of her removal."

Lord Eldon's eldest son, the father of the present Earl, had died shortly before he resigned the seal. He writes thus to one of his old college friends, a clergyman in Yorkshire:—

"Dear Swire,—I have very frequently taken up my pen to write to you. I have as often laid it down, unable to bear up against the intrusion of those melancholy ideas which always present themselves when I see, hear, or think of any one at once the friend of my departed and of myself. * * *

"At the end of thirty busy years I have nothing to do, I mean with this world, but the great work of preparing myself for another; and I am afraid that *that* is much to do, when a man has been immersed in this world's business, and such part of its business as I have been engaged in for so many years. May it not be a blessing that, at the beginning of that period which I am to employ better, I am awakened to a sense of duty by a judgment as awful as that which, in my loss, has been poured out upon me?"—vol. ii., pp. 4, 5.

On the 13th of September, 1806, Mr. Fox died; but the king allowing his surviving colleagues to dissolve parliament, the new elections gave them a very large majority in the House of Commons. These events cast a deep gloom over the survivors of the Pitt circle, and internal suspicion and mutual mistrust were soon to aggravate the common evil. Witness a letter of Lord Eldon to Sir William Scott:—

"I am not the least surprised at what you say about Canning. I have for some time thought that much less than a dissolution would serve him as a cause of separation; and I suspect that Lord Grenville has known him so well, as, by flattering his vanity on the one hand, by making him the person of consequence to be talked with, and alarming that vanity on the other by disclaiming intercourse, through anybody, with the Pittites as a body, to make him the instrument of shaking among the Pittites that mutual confidence which was essential to give them weight, and thus to keep them in the state of a rope of sand till a dissolution, when he won't care one fig for them all put together. The king's conduct does not astonish me, though I think it has destroyed him. His language to me led me to hope better things; and, in charity, I would suppose from it that his heart does not go with his act. But his years, his want of sight, the domestic falsehood and treachery which surround him, and some feeling (just enough, I think) of resentment at our having deserted him on Mr. Pitt's death, and, as to myself particularly, *the uneasiness which in his mind the presence of a person who attended him in two fits of insanity excites*, have conspired to make him do an act unjust to himself. I consider it as a fatal and final blow to the hopes of many who have every good wish of mine. As to myself personally, looking at matters on all sides, I think the chancellorship would never revert to me, even if things had taken another turn; and it is not on my own account I lament the turn they have taken."—vol. ii., p. 11.

A little afterwards, however, some correspondence with Lord Melville shows that Lord Eldon was among the first, if not the first, to shake off the general despondency. We find him expressing, though very cautiously, doubts as to the interpretation which really ought to be put on the king's conduct as to the dissolution, and strenuously urging "plan, union, system"—"panic can do no good."

The scene soon changed. As early as March, the Whigs having brought into the House of Commons a bill which included a concession to the Romanists, the king insisted on its withdrawal. They agreed—but his Majesty required a written declaration that his ministers would propose nothing further in the same direction, and to this they would not consent. He dismissed "the Talents" instantly, and the Duke of Portland became the ostensible head of a new Tory government, with Lord Eldon again as chancellor. He writes thus (March 31st) to his old friend and family connection, the Rev. Dr. Ridley—and certainly the language is not altogether in keeping with the active and stirring share which we see he had been taking with a view to restore the heart and union of the Tories during their short interval of exclusion.

"Dear Ridley,—I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. The occurrence of again taking the Great Seal, Harry, gives me but one sentiment of comfort—that it is possible I may be of use to others. The death of my friend, Mr. Pitt, the loss of my poor dear John, the anguish of mind in which I have been, and ever must be, when that loss occurs to me—these have extinguished all ambition, and almost every wish of every kind in my breast. I had become injured to, and fond of, retirement. My mind had been busied in the contemplation of my best interests—those which are connected with nothing here."

On the same day he writes to another ancient clerical friend:—

"Whilst dreaming of a visit to you I have awakened with the Great Seal in my hand, to my utter

astonishment. The king considers the struggle as for his throne; and he told me but yesterday, when I took the seal, that he did so consider it; that he must be the Protestant king of a Protestant country, or no king. He is remarkably well—firm as a lion—placid and quiet, beyond example in any moment of his life. I am happy to add that, on this occasion, his son the prince, has appeared to behave very dutifully to him. Two or three great goods have been accomplished if his new ministers can stand their ground. First, the old ones are satisfied that the king, whose state of mind they were always doubting, *has more sense and understanding than all his ministers put together: they leave him with a full conviction of that fact.* When he delivered the seal to me yesterday he told me he wished and hoped I should keep it till he died."

Meantime the Whigs were attributing their own dismissal to the influence of "secret advisers;" and Lord Howick, (Earl Grey,) with the rash bitterness habitual to him, distinctly and by name charged Lord Eldon with having "poisoned the king's mind in a private audience at Windsor a few days before the pledge was required." Mr. Canning on this occasion defended the chancellor in a manner with which he must have been cordially content. Mr. Canning stated that "Lord Eldon had announced his visit at Windsor to Lord Grenville, and its sole object, and voluntarily assured that minister that he would not touch on any topic but that one. Lord Eldon *had kept his word*: was it to be endured that he should be thus accused of breaking it?" The circumstances could not be explained further then. It now appears that Lord Eldon's only object was to convince the king of the mischief which must attend Mr. Perceval's persisting in publishing a certain *Book* about the unhappy affairs of the Princess of Wales—who had relied principally on Lord Eldon's advice whilst defending herself, during the short reign of the Talents, against the premature charges of her husband.

We find here a variety of very curious letters concerning the miserable quarrel of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning in 1809—their duel—the retirement of both from office, and the consequent resignation of the Duke of Portland himself—with the reconstruction of the cabinet under Mr. Perceval. Mr. Twiss arrives at the conclusion that, as far as regards the immediate ground of personal conflict—the concealment from Lord Castlereagh of Mr. Canning's communication to *some* of their colleagues of his determination to resign unless the conduct of the war department were taken from Lord Castlereagh—the blame lay *almost entirely* with the Duke of Portland—who being in ill health, and at best "infirm of purpose," put off from day to day till it was too late, the painful announcement which Mr. Canning had required and understood to be made long before. It is very satisfactory to see that with all his already settled aversion for Mr. Canning, (whom he calls to his wife "an incarnation of vanity,") Lord Eldon does him entire justice on this, as respects personal honor, the only important point in the story.* The more so, that it is no longer

doubtful that Mr. Canning, in the course of the multiplied intrigues which ensued, was the warm advocate, if not (as Lord Eldon believed) the originator of a scheme for finally *shelving* Lord Eldon at this epoch, and replacing him on the woolsack by Mr. Perceval—thus leaving everything open to Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, and consequently in the resurgent government. Mr. Twiss is a lawyer as well as a politician—but his devotion to the memory of Mr. Canning is of exemplary fervor, for he seems to see nothing either absurd or reprehensible in the fact, which he candidly assumes, that the Mr. Canning of 1809 thought in choosing a chancellor "rather of politics than of law." How fortunate that he had no such choice to make until he was older and wiser! On the 15th of September Lord Eldon writes to his wife in the country:—

"Some of the plans proposed are what I do most greatly abhor, and I think they won't succeed. I have offered my office to the king, and told him, for I write constantly when I don't see him, my likings and dislikings. 'For God's sake,' he says, 'don't you run away from me: don't reduce me to the state in which you formerly left me. You are my sheet-anchor!' I fear the effects of his agitation and agony—and I do pray God to protect him in this his hour of distress.

"May God's best and kindest providence watch over her who has the whole heart of her ELDON."

Lord Eldon had been elected High Steward of Oxford some years before this. Now, on the death of the Duke of Portland, (October, 1809,) he was requested to stand for the Chancellorship of the University. Understanding, however, that the Duke of Beaufort had received a requisition to the same effect, he declined to come forward until his Grace was understood to have signified that he declined being a candidate. Lord Eldon seems to have received poor enough return for this delicacy from some of the Duke of Beaufort's friends. After the chancellor had committed himself—after several of the duke's own connections had canvassed for the chancellor—his Grace was urged and persuaded to take the field. The king told Lord Eldon it was now too late for him to withdraw. The consequence was a triumph—at that time important as well as unexpected—to the Whigs and pro-Catholics in the Convocation. The votes were for Eldon, 393; for Beaufort, 238; for Lord Grenville, 406. But, according to Lord Eldon's letters and Anecdote Book, Lord Grenville owed his small majority to certain electors in the Beaufort interest, who, when they saw their duke had no chance, voted at the eleventh hour for Grenville, rather than allow their own political party to gain the victory in the person of the *novus homo* who had climbed from the chare-foot to the woolsack. "I was beaten," he says, "by aristocratical combination—and I could never have been beaten without it."

We need not pause on the short period during which Mr. Perceval enjoyed, as prime minister, the entire confidence of George III., and the cordial support of Lord Eldon as chancellor. Nor shall we extract anything from Mr. Twiss' narrative of the constitution of the Regency in 1811, and the ultimate retention of the ministers, on the expiration of the restrictions, in 1812: though these chapters throw light on several hitherto obscure

have been—more or less blamable, but blamable."—vol. ii., p. 104.

* On the 4th of October, 1809, Lord Eldon writes thus to Sir William Scott: "The silence of such of Cas.'s colleagues who knew of the matter, cannot be well vindicated. With respect to myself, I feel uneasy; though the period at which I heard it, the personage (the K.) who told it me, and the injunction with which he accompanied a communication, which I must needs say he ought not to have made under such an injunction, give me a good deal to say for myself. But, in some degree, all who knew it

circumstances, and furnish a triumphant answer to more than one innuendo against Mr. Perceval in Lord Brougham's Essays entitled "George IV." and "Lord Eldon,"—essays, we need not say, exhibiting in perfection their author's command of some of the highest resources of rhetorical power, but which are not likely to be valued hereafter as settling any point in the political history of the time—splendid specimens of one-sided declamation. Adhering to Lord Eldon—we need not remind our reader that the Prince of Wales must have regarded him with severe prejudice from the date of the Regency Bill in 1783; or that his services to the princess in the days of the "Delicate Investigation" of 1806, had heavily increased the hostile impression; or that the consent of the Regent to retain Lord Eldon as chancellor, has been boldly ascribed to Lord Eldon's courtly facility in abandoning the Princess of Wales, the moment her unkind husband's favor came to be a matter of the same consequence that her kind father-in-law's had been previously. It now appears from letters between the Prince of Wales and Lord Eldon, printed by Mr. Twiss, that at least as early as the summer of 1810, his Royal Highness had begun to relax in his prejudice against the chancellor—and why? Simply because the chancellor was the medium of communication between the prince and his father, as to whatever was proposed or done respecting the education of the Princess Charlotte, and his Royal Highness was compelled to feel that the most essential interests of his daughter could not have been intrusted to a wiser, fairer, discreeter intervention. The respectful style of the prince's notes of that date is creditable to himself, and of no trivial importance with reference to the subsequent course of events. But it was not until the prince had come into possession of the private papers of George III. that he could trace the whole course of Lord Eldon's procedure in reference to the affairs of the Royal Family. We read in the Anecdote Book:—

"His Majesty, George IV. has frequently told me that there was no person in the world that he hated so much as, for years, he hated me. He had been persuaded that I endeavored to keep him at a distance from his father, but when he came into possession of his father's private papers, he completely changed his opinion of me, in consequence of the part which, from my letters, he found I had always taken with reference to himself. He was then convinced that I had always endeavored to do the direct contrary to what was imputed to me. He told me so himself, and from that time, he treated me with uniform friendliness."—vol. ii. p. 199.

But Lord Eldon's correspondence with his own old college intimates, especially Dr. Swire, may be appealed to, not only for direct confirmation of this statement, but for a very full, and surely a very interesting detail, step by step, of the circumstances under which the Regent first of all retained his father's ministers, the chancellor included, and then, a year afterwards, confirmed them. Let us take part of a letter to Dr. Swire:—

"The medical men thought his Majesty's speedy recovery highly probable:—the prince therefore thought that, in duty to his father, he could not dismiss his father's servants. I could not reconcile to myself the notion that, whilst the father's son so conducted himself, the father's most grateful servant could refuse to take his share in a state of things which, for the father's sake, the son determined should remain undisturbed by him. So matters went

on through the year of restricted regency. Before the close of it, the prince had totally altered his opinion of the men whom he had hated—and I have his own authority for believing that the kingdom produced no man whom he more hated than your friend, the writer of this letter. Though the prospect of his father's recovery had grown more gloomy, and though I fear it will never brighten, I must do him the justice to say that he has always declared that he will never despair till his father ceases to live: and my own real opinion is, that whatever motives his friends or foes may in their conjectures ascribe his late conduct to, he has been principally governed by a feeling that, if his father should recover, he would never forgive himself if he suffered him to awake to a scene in which the father should see his servants discarded by his son. The same sentiment appears to me to have governed him with respect to the Catholic question, with regard to which I believe that after his father's death he will act with a due regard to the established religion."—vol. ii., p. 197.

Another letter to Dr. Swire, dated at Encombe in Dorsetshire, (which fine estate Lord Eldon had recently purchased,) furnishes some further details—and brings us down to the close of the tempestuous session after the death of Perceval. The chancellor alludes hastily to the fact that Bellingham had passed some hours of the morning before he assassinated Mr. Perceval in watching the proceedings of the Court of Chancery, and his own belief that he himself would have been the victim but for the accident of his borrowing a round hat and great coat from one of his attendants, and so quitting the court that day, for a stroll in the park, in a disguise which Bellingham did not penetrate.

"Encombe, Sept. 22d, 1812.

"I could not doubt that at the close of the Regency year, the 18th February, I should have had my dismissal: so sure was I of that, that when the prince sent for me on the 17th, his commands reached me sitting for my picture in my robes. When I went, he expressed his surprise that I appeared in a morning in a laced shirt: I told him what I had been about: he then expressed surprise that I could find any time for such a business: my answer was that the fact proved that that was difficult; that the picture had been asked nearly two years for the Guildhall at Newcastle; and that, my countrymen wishing it should be in the chancellor's robes, I could not delay beyond that day in which I might for the last time be entitled to wear them. He smiled, and next day satisfied me that I needed not to have been in such a hurry. This was curious enough, but is literally a fact. Well, after this, poor Perceval was assassinated. By the way, I had a pretty narrow escape. It is said, 'Mors sola fatetur quantula sunt hominum corpuscula': but I have learned facts of poor Percival's life, which I never should have learnt but in consequence of his death, and which prove him to have been a most extraordinarily excellent person. Here again, however, I thought I should sing *Nunc dimittis*. I appointed and attended a recorder's report, which I thought it unmanly to leave to a successor, on a Monday, as I was morally certain that I should not be chancellor on the usual day, the Wednesday. But whether Grenville and Grey did not wish to be ministers, or whether they would not be ministers unless they could bind kings in chains, I don't know. The Tuesday put my wig and gown once more fast upon my head and back, and I am now just as uncertain when I shall see the blessings of final retirement as I was before the king's illness. What a life of anxiety (about myself certainly in no degree such) I led during these scenes must be reserved, if it is to be described, till some happy hour of conversation between us shall be vouchsafed me

by Providence. I concluded my stay in town by the Prince Regent's dining in Bedford Square with a man whom he had hated more than any other in his father's dominions, according to his unreserved confession."—vol. ii., p. 224.

Our readers would not thank us for going into the badgerings which had for some time annoyed the chancellor on the subject of arrears in his court.* Led by that illustrious "chicken of the law" Michael Angelo Taylor, the Whig barristers in the Commons were now bent on assailing the government through the person of him to whom the final exclusion of their party was mainly by them attributed. It is sufficient to quote a short letter to Sir William Scott, written during the general election of October, 1812:—

"Dear Brother,—Really, as to the government, I don't care one farthing about it. I am mistaken if they do not mainly owe their existence, as such, to me; and yet I have been, in my judicial capacity, the object of the House of Commons' persecution for two years, without a lawyer there to say a word of truth for me. I have been left unprotected as before—and, so unprotected, I cannot and will not remain.

"The prince vows annihilation to the government if I go; and, I suppose, would resort to Canning and Wellesley. But I cannot feel the obligation I am under of being hunted in the House of Commons without more of protection than I have had."

The only unpleasantness that appears to have occurred in the regent's treatment of the chancellor, throughout the two ensuing years, arose from a cause most honorable to his lordship. The regent, as his daughter grew into womanhood, wished to impose additional restrictions on her intercourse with her mother. The chancellor, retaining as yet his early impression that the Princess of Wales had been "more sinned against than sinning," firmly opposed himself on this head to the prince, and writes to his brother as contemplating, in consequence, an abrupt termination of his official life. "One more such interview," he says, "and I shall be spared all further trouble—all because I won't let him do as to his wife and daughter as he wishes." This letter seems to have been written about the close of 1813. The Princess Charlotte had conceived a most grateful respect and attachment to Lord Eldon, as the early defender of her weaker parent, and nothing occurred during her too short life to disturb these kindly feelings. The "Anecdote Book" dwells on the extraordinary care she had taken for his personal accommodation at Claremont when he was about to be summoned thither on the occasion of her fatal confinement in 1817.

Her untimely death, by placing the Duke of York, whose views of the Roman Catholic Question were throughout those of George III., in the situation of Heir Presumptive, gave additional strength to the Anti-Catholic party in the country, and especially to Lord Eldon, who had long been the mainstay of resistance both in the cabinet and in the House of Lords. But the regent, even in the midst of his paternal affliction, seems to have turned with earnestness to the hope that the Princess Charlotte's death might lead to his own emancipation. In a letter dated at Brighton, Jan. 1, 1818, he expresses affectionate regret that a fit of gout should have prevented the chancellor from

visiting him there, and goes on to explain that he had been desirous of an interview with reference to the Princess, who is described as having excited much scandal on the continent, and especially at Vienna, where the court had refused to receive her:—

"You cannot, therefore, be surprised (much difficulty in point of delicacy being now set aside in my mind by the late melancholy event which has taken place in my family) if I turn my whole thoughts to the endeavoring to extricate myself from the cruellest, as well as the most unjust, predicament that ever even the lowest individual, much more a prince, ever was placed in. * * * Is it, then, my dear friend, to be tolerated that ——— is to be suffered to continue to bear my name, to belong to me and to the country, and that *that* country, the first in all the world, and myself its sovereign, are to be expected to submit silently to a degradation under which no upright and honorable mind can exist?"

The result of the deliberations that succeeded this letter was the celebrated Milan Commission.

Of the effect of the evidence collected by that Commission upon Lord Eldon's mind, we may judge from a letter of April 26th, 1820:—

"Our queen threatens approach to England; but, if she can venture, she is the most courageous lady I ever heard of. *The mischief, if she does come, will be infinite—at first, she will have extensive popularity with the multitude; in a few short months or weeks she will be ruined in the opinion of all the world.*"

A most accurate prophecy! We should be sorry to dwell on this calamitous chapter in the history of the English monarchy; but we must permit ourselves an extract or two from the private letters of the time, showing how Lord Eldon thought and felt as the business proceeded. He says to his daughter, just before the negotiation between the queen's counsellors and the ministry failed, (June 7th, 1820):—

"You will see by the impressions of the seal on this scrap, that cabinets are quite in fashion: daily, nightly, hourly cabinets. The lower orders here are all queen's folks; few of the middling or higher orders, except the profligate, or those who are endeavoring to acquire power through mischief. The bulk of those who are in parliament are afraid of the effect of the disclosures and discussions which must take place, if there is not some pacific settlement: the queen is obstinate and makes no propositions tending to that—at least as yet; the king is determined, and will hear of none—of nothing but thorough investigation, and of what he, and those who consider *themselves* more than him, think and talk of—thorough exposure of the Q., and divorce. To this extent parliament will not go. That body is afraid of disclosures—not on one side only—which may affect the monarchy itself."

Again on the 10th:—

"Our nightly cabinets don't agree with mamma, and she, you know, will never go to bed when I am out. The ministers will be compelled to give way to parliament—and they are in a pretty state—if they give way, the K. will remove them—if they do not, they will be outvoted in parliament and cannot remain. To-morrow will be a very busy day, if the Q. means to make any propositions for arrangement. The K. will make none—and, if he can find an administration that will fight everything to the last moment at any risk, he will receive none."

On the 14th of July:—

* For a full examination of this question of arrears, we refer to an article "On the Court of Chancery," in *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxx.

"I hope strict justice will be done in the inquiry; and, for myself, I am determined to look neither to the right nor to the left—to court no favor from any party, but doing my duty faithfully and to the best of an unbiassed judgment, to preserve that state of comfort in my own mind, which I have hitherto labored not to forfeit."

On the question for the third reading of the Bill of pains and penalties, November 10th, the majority was only 9—and Lord Liverpool then announced that he abandoned the measure. The chancellor said nothing in the House, but he thus writes to his daughter on the 23d:—

"I thought it wholly inconsistent with the dignity of the House of Lords to close the most solemn inquiry ever entertained in that House, by doing nothing. The bill should either have been rejected or passed. But to have upon our journals four different resolutions, all founded upon our avowed conviction of her guilt, and then neither to withdraw those resolutions, not to act upon them, appears to me perfectly absurd, and, both to the country and to her, unjust. To her surely it is so. We condemn her four times; she desires at our bar that we will allow her to be heard in her defence before the Commons: we will neither do that nor withdraw our condemnations; for, though the bill is withdrawn, the votes of condemnation remain upon our journals."

Lord Eldon, we have no doubt, acted throughout all this business under a sense of duty—he was incapable of the reverse—he was a man and a gentleman; but we think it must also be allowed that he looked at the practical questions involved in the course of it, far too exclusively through the optics of the lawyer. And it was in that character chiefly that he seems to have meditated on it long afterwards. In his Anecdote Book of 1827, he speaks of the "Proceedings upon the queen's case in the House of Lords" as "perhaps more just than prudent,"—but derives consolation from reflecting that they were so conducted, under his own authority, as to establish a precedent of lasting benefit. In previous cases of parliamentary impeachments and bills of pains and penalties, evidence had constantly been offered, and frequently received, such as the strict rules of English law would have held inadmissible. He would allow of "no evidence that would have been rejected in Westminster Hall;" and assuredly that example will be adhered to. Mr. Twiss grants the value of this reform; but holds even that a small compensation for the general mischief of the transaction. He, however, acquits the ministry. He adopts Lord Eldon's defence on the ground that the queen "had herself insisted upon bringing the matter to such a point, as made the whole question no longer a personal one between her and the king, but a public and constitutional one between her and the country." Mr. Twiss is willing enough to acquiesce in what was—perhaps still is—the general belief, that, in the first stage of matrimonial life, the king was the inexcusable offender. We doubt very much whether, when the secret history comes out, that opinion will stand. For George IV. in his relations with women, first and last, there is not much to be said; but on that one score, we apprehend posterity will see reason to infer that he was disgusted in *limine*, and for ever alienated, by circumstances which must have had a similar effect in the case of any other English gentleman.

In the month of his coronation, George IV. pressed the honor of an earldom on the chancellor

in such terms that he could not refuse it—though he had *thrice*, it seems, declined a similar favor from George III. His brother at the same time became Lord Stowell.

It cannot be expected that we should do more as to the rest of this book than selecting a few extracts from the correspondence of Lord Eldon illustrative of his personal feelings as to events still fresh in general recollection. *Pars magna fuit*—but the private papers of persons not less eminent, by whose services the country may hope to profit during many years yet to come, must have been, in the natural course of things, revealed as his are now, before it would be fair to conclude on the interior history of any transaction in which they were partakers.

The great feature of Lord Eldon's life as a statesman is his steady opposition to the Roman Catholic claims; our extracts, therefore, must bear chiefly on the history of that question; but we shall avoid entirely the grand arguments here reproduced. Our object, in short, is to pick out short passages, which, their dates duly considered, may indicate in some sort Lord Eldon's contemporary views and impressions respecting the successive steps by which the difficulty was complicated and the defence weakened. We are very sorry to say that the character of George IV. has been, in our opinion, sadly damaged by his chancellor's revelations; at the same time it is proper to bear in mind throughout, that the king's nervous system had been greatly enfeebled some years before he exhibited the melancholy imbecility of vacillation which the strong-minded Eldon, much his senior, seems to have regarded with more of contempt than of pity.

Even as early as the spring of 1821, we find him writing to his brother with considerable alarm as to the steadiness of Lord Liverpool himself; but it is only after the visit to Ireland, in the summer of this year, that he begins to show symptoms of doubt as to the king himself. For example, he says, in April:—

"As to Liverpool, I do not know what he means. Can a man who makes such a Secretary for Ireland as we have, and two such Regius Professors and such a Bishop, be serious?—With me this thing about the Catholics is not a matter of consistency, but of conscience. If there is any truth in religious matters, I cannot otherwise regard it."

About the end of August:—

"Dear Brother,—I think there is a great alteration where I did not look for it—even Sidmouth thinks the death of the queen has removed, in a great degree, all objection to Canning.—I understand the king was particular and lavish in his attentions to Plunkett; he certainly means, if he can, to bring him into office—another Papist."

In this same letter he intimates a "conviction" that the king is disposed to "sweep the cabinet-room of the whole of us," i. e., of the High Tories. The last week of the year, however, brought a pleasant letter from the king, indicating anything but a wish to part with the chancellor:—

"Brighton, Dec. 26th, 1821.

"My dear Friend,—You flattered me that when you had relaxation from business you would make me a short visit. It strikes me that next Monday and Tuesday are the two most probable days to afford you such an opportunity; therefore, if this should be so, and unless you have formed any pleasanter

scheme for yourself, *pray come to me then*. I believe it will be necessary for you to swear in one or two of my state servants, the most of whom you will find assembled here; therefore pray be properly prepared. I hope it is not necessary for me to add how truly happy I should be, if our dear and good friend Lord Stowell would accompany you. A hearty welcome, good and warm beds, turkey and chine, and last, though not least in love, liver and crow, are the order of the day.

"Ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely yours,

"G. R.

"P. S.—N. B. No church preferment will be requested upon the present occasion."

The "liver and crow" is an allusion to a joke of the chancellor's at the expense of Sir John Leach. Inviting Lord Eldon to dine with him on some grand occasion, he begged to be informed if there was any dish his lordship had a particular fancy for. The chancellor, smiling serenely on the exquisite Amphitryon, named "liver and bacon."

This puts us in mind of not a bad joke of George IV. in the Anecdote Book. It seems his Majesty, when in special good humor, sometimes applied to the lord chancellor his popular *sobriquet* derived from the Purse of the Great Seal. When Lord Eldon introduced Sir John Leach as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, that fine gentleman appeared, of course, with an official purse of smaller dimensions. "Old Bags," whispered the king, "I think we must call Leach 'reticule.'"

In the same page the chancellor records a gay dinner at the Duke of York's. Mr. Greenwood was present, and some sprightly guardsman at a late hour gave the wealthy army-agent's health, as one "to whom most of the company had long been, and were likely long to be, under great obligations." This fun excited the commander-in-chief to propose a bumper for another guest. "I believe," said the duke, "I am correct in stating that my worthy friend, Mr. Coutts, here, has been my banker for five and twenty years—fill your glasses." "Sir," said Mr. Coutts, "really your Royal Highness does me too much honor—it is your Royal Highness that has been good enough to keep my money."

But, to come back to the "liver and crow," &c.—it may be surmised that all these charming things were not tendered without some *arrière pensée*; for, in a fortnight's time, we see that Lord Liverpool has allied with himself a section of hitherto outlying Grenvillites—and the chancellor grumbles—but *stays* :—

"This coalition, I think, will have consequences very different from those expected by the members of administration who have brought it about. I hate coalitions."

In May, Mr. Canning's bill for admitting Popish peers to sit in parliament renews the alarm :—

"Sunday, May 5th, 1822.

"I am going as usual to Carlton House;* the king is still confined with the gout. How he is to manage, with some ministers, servants of the Pope, and others foes of his Holiness, I can't tell; but if I was a king, I would have my servants all of one mind. Great uncertainty as to the event of next Friday on the Catholic business. I think it will pass the Commons; and whilst individuals are voting for

* These regular Sunday closetings seem to have been regarded with considerable jealousy by some of the chancellor's colleagues, especially by Lord Liverpool.

it there under a conviction that it will be lost in the Lords, there is reason, very much, I am sorry to say, to doubt that;—for lords are beginning to think it foolish to be the instruments by which other persons may vote dishonestly."

This blew over—but the anxieties of that session were fatal to the only pro-Catholic member of the Liverpool cabinet who seems to have had much of Lord Eldon's personal regard. Mr. Twiss prints this sufficiently characteristic epistle :—

"Royal George Yacht, Leith Roads,

August 15th, 4 pt. 8 p. m. 1822.

"My dear Friend,—I have this moment heard from Liverpool of the melancholy death of his, and my dear friend, poor Londonderry. On Friday was the last time I saw him: my own mind was then filled with apprehensions respecting him, and they have, alas! been but too painfully verified. My great object, my good friend, in writing to you to-night, is to tell you that I have written to Liverpool, and I do implore of you not to *lend yourself* to any arrangement *whatever*, until my return to town. This, indeed, is Lord Liverpool's own proposal; and as you may suppose, I have joined most *cordially* in the proposition. It will require the most *prudent foresight* on my part relative to the new arrangements that must now necessarily take place. You may easily judge of the state of my mind.

"Ever believe me, your sincere friend,

"G. R."

Mr. Twiss prints this—but, strange to say, he gives us nothing from Lord Eldon on what immediately ensued—one of the most important, and what must have been to him the most distasteful, of all the changes that ever occurred in the Liverpool cabinet—the re-introduction of Mr. Canning as Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons. On this subject not a scrap! He is more communicative as to the next step in this history :—

Feb. 1, 1823.

"Dear Brother,—The 'Courier' of last night announces Mr. Huskisson's introduction into the Cabinet—of the intention or the fact I have no other communication. Whether Lord Sidmouth has, or not, I don't know, but really this is rather too much. What makes it worse is, that the great man of all has a hundred times most solemnly declared, that no connexion of a certain person's should come in. There is no believing one word anybody says—and what makes the matter still worse is, that everybody acquiesces most quietly, and waits in all humility and patience till their own turn comes."

And the chancellor *ipse* acquiesced!—Mr. Twiss' delicacy leaves some names uniformly in blank; but we think most people can fill in for themselves.

"May 3d, 1823.

"Lady — is to have a great party to-night; long expected. She has thought proper to inform us *this morning*, that she is to be at home *this night*. This is a little impertinent, as her invitations to others have been circulating for weeks past, under the head of fashionable parties. I shall send for answer, that as she is to be at home, so we intend also to be at home."

"August, 1823.

"All the world here is running on Sundays to the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden, where they hear a Presbyterian orator from Scotland, preaching, as some ladies term it, *charming* matter, though downright nonsense. To the shame of the king's ministers be it said, that many of them have gone to this schism shop with itching ears. Lauderdale told

me, that when Lady — is there the preacher never speaks of an heavenly mansion, but an heavenly *Patition*. For other ears, mansion is sufficient. This is a sample !”

“Friday night, September 4th, 1823.

“The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham to the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The king is in such thralldom that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon ‘ne cede malis,’ it is better to go out than to be turned out!! which will assuredly be the case. God bless you.”

We have not teased our readers with the incessant attacks made through all these years on the chancellor in his judicial capacity. In February, 1824, we find him in communication on this subject, not with the then leader in the House of Commons, but with Mr. Peel; who accordingly made himself master of all the details as to the Court of Chancery, and vindicated his friend against charges most offensive to his feelings, not only as a lawyer, but as an honest man, in a style which produced a powerful impression on the long-abused public—and in the highest degree gave gratification to Lord Eldon. He says to his daughter (Feb. 28)—

“Peel will have it that the late House of Commons business has been a most fortunate thing for *your* father. How that may be I cannot be sure; but I am sure that he could not have taken more pains about it if I had been *his* father.”

And on the same day, to one of his clerical friends in the north,—

“You will see that I have been lately the object of much persecution. But, *impavidum ferient*. In a life such as mine has been, that there have been some things neglected is too true. But take the whole together, I have done more business in the execution of my public duty than any chancellor ever did; yea, three times as much as any chancellor ever did. If these malignant attacks had not been made against me, year after year, I should have been in retirement; but to hatred, malice, and uncharitableness I will not give way. I will not gratify those who revile me. My rule through life has been to do what I think right, and to leave the consequences to God.”

To come back to the Romanists.—On the 22nd June, 1824, the chancellor so far relaxed as to acquiesce in the second reading of a bill for enabling the Duke of Norfolk to act as Earl Marshal without taking the oath of supremacy. Next morning brought a note from Carlton House, in a very unusual style:—

“The king desires to apprise the Lord Chancellor, that the king has learnt, through the medium of the newspapers, what has been passing in Parliament relative to the office of Earl Marshal of England.

“The king cannot suppose that the Lord Chancellor of England can approve of the king’s dispensing with the usual oaths attached to that, or any other high office; but if the king should be mistaken in this supposition, the king desires that the Lord Chancellor will state his reasons in writing, why the king should be expected to give his consent to such an unusual and unprecedented measure.—G. R.”

Lord Eldon, however, could have found no great difficulty in allaying the king’s apprehensions as to that special concession, for a few days later he writes thus to his daughter:—

“Yesterday we had our party: all went off very well. The whole in good, or rather high, humor. The king sent me a message by the Duke of York, that he would have dined if he had been asked. He should certainly have been asked if I had been aware that he would have condescended to permit me to send him an invitation. I have not heard, however, of his dining out since the crown descended upon him. Perhaps it is better, great as the honor would have been, that I did not know that he would have conferred it; for there are such feelings in the minds of some, notwithstanding all the prayers they offer up to be delivered therefrom, as feelings of malice, hatred, envy, and uncharitableness.”

“June 25th, 1824, Friday.

“Yesterday the Duke of Wellington’s dinner. Did not get there till past eight—all the turtle gone, alas! Ditto, all the fish. Very *splendid*; not comfortable; open window on my left side—got a cold thereby. In the evening hundreds came—one in fifty was as many as I knew. The king went in great state with an escort of horse. I think that job, and prorogation to-day, will lay him up.

“At dinner yesterday, 1. The King. 2. Duke of York. 3. The Lady! 4, 5. Duke and Duchess of Wellington. 6, 7. Count Lieven and Lady. 8. Prince Polignac. 9. Dutch Ambassador. 10. Chancellor. 11. Marquis Conyngham. 12. His son. 13. His daughter. 14. Liverpool. 15. Bathurst. 16. Melville. 17, 18. Lord and Lady Warwick. 19, 20. Lord and Lady Gwydir. 21. Lord Glenlyon. 22. Mr. Canning. 23. Mr. Robinson. 24. Lord Maryborough. 25. Lord Westmoreland. 26. Mr. Peel. And two more, I forget who.”

Lord Eldon, in his Anecdote Book, states distinctly that the Duke of York made his famous Anti-Catholic declaration on the 25th April, 1825, without any previous consultation whatever either with the king or with the chancellor. To his daughter he says:—

“In speaking of what his father endured upon this question he was deeply affected, and deeply affected all who heard him. He concluded by laying his hand upon his heart, and declaring that he ever had, and ever should, in any situation in which he might be placed, oppose these claims of the Roman Catholics: so help him God!—The K. thinks he might have left out the words ‘in whatever situation he might be,’ because he, the K., does not intend soon to quit one, in which he, the D. of Y. may be. But he says it with perfect good humor. The D. of Y. is at Newmarket. It is to be regretted that, in his highly important and lofty situation, he spends so many days with blacklegs, and so many nights at cards.”

Then comes a letter (May 18th) headed “Victory—bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 48;” and then—

“May 23d, 1825, Monday.

“We had a most sumptuous and splendid set-out at the Duke of York’s on Saturday—twenty-four rejoicing Protestants round the table. We drank the 48, the year 1688, and the glorious and immortal memory of William III.—but without noise or riot.

“I forgot to tell you that we have got a new favorite toast. Lady Warwick and Lady Braybrook (I think that is her name) would not let their husbands go to the House to vote for the Catholics: so we Protestants drink daily, as our favorite toast, ‘The ladies who locked up their husbands.’”—vol. ii, p. 553.

According to Mr. Twiss’ information, it was at last settled in the summer of 1826 that Lord Eldon should retire;—Lord Gifford, then Master of the Rolls and Deputy Speaker in the Lords, succeeded him as chancellor. To the deep distress of Lord

Eldon and of all who knew him in private or were capable of appreciating him in his public capacities, Lord Gifford was cut off suddenly, in the prime vigor of life, in the beginning of September; and Mr. Twiss states that the inconvenience likely to result from appointing two new Equity Judges at the same time weighed so with Lord Liverpool and with the king, that Lord Eldon was urged once more to defer his resignation, and very reluctantly consented.

We are not quite convinced that his resignation had been definitely resolved in 1826:—but, whether or not, his official career was now near its close. The death of the Duke of York—itsself a heavy blow to the Protestant cause—was rapidly followed (Feb., 1827) by the illness of Lord Liverpool, whose tact, temper, moderation, and candor had for so many years enabled him to hold together a cabinet, within which there had all along been a decided difference of opinion on the Roman Catholic question, and which latterly, moreover, contained not a few elements of personal jealousy, mistrust, and aversion. The instant that its premier was known to be permanently disabled, it fell to pieces; but if any still adhere to the belief that the most important resignations which followed on the announcement of Mr. Canning's headship were preconcerted, this book will convince them that such was not the fact: that the Chancellor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Home Secretary, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, acted each as an individual, and each one of them took ground more or less peculiar to himself. Some letters to Lord Eldon, here printed, are among the most interesting documents we have read; but we must leave them to be studied in connexion with the other materials of a very curious chapter.

Among the tidings that at this epoch astonished Lord Eldon was that of a patent of precedence granted to the *quondam* Attorney-General of Queen Caroline. When the new chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, communicated this to his predecessor, the old earl remarked quietly, that he hoped the king would not now object to let Mr. Brougham be informed that he, Lord Eldon, had repeatedly during a long series of years urged on his Majesty the propriety of giving him a silk gown—that the withholding it was unjust to Mr. Brougham—injurious to the bar—and unworthy of his Majesty's magnanimity. The king could not but permit the explanation thus suggested; and Mr. Brougham soon afterwards took an opportunity of expressing his regret that it came so late.

Mr. Twiss prints also some very valuable papers with reference to the short administration of Lord Goderich; but these do not much concern the ex-chancellor, nor is there any new light thrown on the formation of the Wellington cabinet in January, 1828. It was already well known that Lord Eldon had expected to be invited on that occasion to resume a place in the cabinet—the office he had anticipated was, it seems, that of President of the Council. Mr. Twiss drops not the slightest hint that any arrangement had been made, or even contemplated, for retaining him as a cabinet minister, had his retirement from the woosack taken place in 1826. This increases our doubts about the resignation story; for how painfully he felt the exclusion of 1828, is abundantly shown by his letters, of which it is sufficient for us to copy one. It is addressed to his daughter.

"London, March 3rd, 1828.

"Dear Fanny,—I begin to think that what the D. of W. said to me, (that my opinions and principles were so fixed upon certain points, that it was somewhat impracticable to form an administration with sentiments conformable with those opinions and principles,) may be correctly true. He told me that P. would not accept office without Huskisson; and report uniformly represents that Huskisson would not accept office, if Lord Eldon was to be in office. This may be a clue to the truth: for if Peel would not accept office, the D. of W., I am sure, could not form an administration, that could begin work in the Commons. But then I say we old ones should have met Parliament *out of office*—all of us—and a very little time would have ensured the country against that sad evil, 'a coalition ministry': of that I have no doubt—and I am as much of an old fox in these matters as Mr. Tierney. As to office, I would not step across the street to be placed in it on my *own* account. I could get *nothing* by it—its emoluments, *as such*, are not worth my having—for my pension is larger than those of any office that I could have accepted; and from the pension the emoluments of office would be to be deducted. But then they might have given me an opportunity of offering my services to the country, and relieving it from the pension, to the extent of the emoluments of office. It is not because office was not offered me that I complain—it is because those with whom I have so long acted and served did not, candidly and unreservedly, explain themselves and their difficulties to me. And they were not mine adversaries that did me this dishonor, but mine own familiar friends, with whom I had, for so many years, taken sweet counsel together."

The following fragments can need no explanation:—

"April, 1828.

"The Dissenters' Bill is to be debated on the 17th, —we, who oppose, shall fight respectfully and honorably; but victory cannot be ours. What is most calamitous of all is, that the archbishops and several bishops are against us. What they can mean, they best know, for nobody else can tell—and, sooner or later,—perhaps in this very year—*almost certainly in the next*—the concessions to the Dissenters must be followed by the like concessions to the Roman Catholics."

"July 9th, 1828.

"Nothing is talked of now, which interests anybody the least in the world, except the election of Mr. O'Connell, [for Clare,] and the mischief that it will produce among debaters in the House of Commons, and the more serious mischief which it will, in all human probability, excite in Ireland. * * * * At all events, this business must bring the Roman Catholic question, which has been so often discussed, to a crisis and a conclusion. The nature of that conclusion I don't think likely to be favorable to Protestantism."

"August, 1828.

"The king gives a grand dinner on the 12th at Windsor Castle. He has not, as one of his guests, invited a person of whom I can be bold enough to say, that the K. is more indebted to him, than he is to any other subject he ever had in a civil department, adding, by way of showing a little modesty, the old expression, 'though I say it who should not say it.'"

We now approach the "crisis and conclusion" which Lord Eldon foresaw clearly as at hand in July, 1828—but which, in fact, this book proves him to have apprehended as ultimately inevitable from a much remoter date. The speech at the opening of the session of 1829 announced that the day was come. Twice, however, after that deci-

sive hour, Lord Eldon obtained audience of the king for the purpose of presenting addresses against the ministerial measure; and Mr. Twiss produces a long memorandum, minuted by the earl himself, descriptive of these interviews—a document drawn up in a diffuse, clumsy style of language certainly, but which, nevertheless, to use the biographer's own words, "portrays very graphically the fluctuations in the mind of George IV., and exhibits in a striking point of view the contrast between his character and that of his father." The first visit was on the 28th of March; and then the memorandum reports his Majesty to have said:—

"That at the time the administration was formed, no reason was given him to suppose that any measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics were intended or thought of by ministers; that he had frequently himself suggested the absolute necessity of putting down the Roman Catholic Association—of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act to destroy the powers of the most seditious and rebellious proceedings of the members of it, and particularly at the time that Lawless made his march; that instead of following what he had so strongly recommended, after some time, not a very long time before the present session, he was applied to, to allow his ministers to propose to him, as an united cabinet, the opening the Parliament, by sending such a message as his speech contained:—that, after much struggling against it, and after the measure had been strongly pressed upon him as of absolute necessity, he had consented that the Protestant members of his cabinet, if they could so persuade themselves to act, might join in such a representation to him, *but that he would not then, nor in his recommendation to Parliament pledge himself to anything.* He repeatedly mentioned that he represented to his ministers the infinite pain it gave him to consent even so far as that.

"He complained that he had never seen the bills—that the condition of Ireland had not been taken into consideration—that the Association Bill had been passed through both Houses before he had seen it—that it was a very inefficient measure compared to those which he had in vain, himself, recommended—that the other proposed measures gave him the greatest possible pain and uneasiness—that he was in the state of a person with a pistol presented to his breast—that he had nothing to fall back upon—that his ministers had threatened, (I think he said twice, at the time of my seeing him,) to resign, if the measures were not proceeded in, and that he had said to them 'Go on,' when he knew not how to relieve himself from the state in which he was placed:—and that in one of those meetings, when resignation was threatened, he was urged to the sort of consent he gave by what passed in the interview between him and his ministers, till the interview and the talk had brought him into such a state, that he hardly knew what he was about when he, after several hours, said 'Go on.' He then repeatedly expressed himself as in a state of greatest misery, repeatedly saying, 'What can I do? I have nothing to fall back upon;' and musing for some time, and then again repeating the same expression.

"In this day's audience his Majesty did not show me many papers that he showed me in the second. I collected from what passed in the second, that his consent to go on was in writings then shown to me. After a great deal of time spent, (still in the first interview,) in which his Majesty was sometimes silent—apparently uneasy—occasionally stating his distress—the hard usage he had received—his wish to extricate himself—that he had not what to look to—what to fall back upon—that he was miserable beyond what he could express;—I asked him whether his Majesty, so frequently thus expressing him-

self, meant either to enjoin me, or to forbid, considering or trying whether anything could be found or arranged, upon which he *could* fall back. He said, 'I neither enjoin you to do so, nor forbid you to do so; but, for God's sake, take care that I am not exposed to the humiliation of being again placed in such circumstances, that I must submit again to pray of my present ministers that they will remain with me.' He appeared to me to be exceedingly miserable, and intimated that he would see me again.

"I was not sent for afterwards, but went on Thursday, the 9th April, with more addresses. In the second interview, the king repeatedly, and with some minutes interposed between his such repeated declarations, musing in silence in the interim, expressed his anguish, and pain, and misery, that the measure had ever been thought of, and as often declared that he had been most harshly and cruelly treated—that he had been treated as a man, whose consent had been asked with a pistol pointed to his breast, or as obliged, if he did not give it, to leap down from a five pair of stairs window—what could he do? What had he to fall back upon?

"I told him that his late Majesty, when he did not mean that a measure proposed to him should pass, expressed his determination in the most early stage of the business:—if it seemed to himself necessary to dissent, he asked no advice without dismissing his ministers: he made that his own act—he trusted to what he had to hope from his subjects, who—when he had placed himself in such circumstances, and protected them from the violence of party—if party, meaning to be violent, should get uppermost, could not leave him unsupported—that on the other hand, there could not but be great difficulties in finding persons willing to embark in office, when matters had proceeded to the extent to which the present measures had been carried,—as was supposed, and had been represented, after full explanation of them to his Majesty,*—and he had so far assented.

"This led to his mentioning again what he had to say as to his assent. In the former interview it had been represented that, after much conversation twice with his ministers or such as had come down, he had said, 'Go on;' and upon the latter of those two occasions, after many hours' fatigue, and exhausted by the fatigue of conversation, he had said, 'Go on.' He now produced two papers, which he represented as copies of what he had written to them, in which he assents to their proceeding and going on with the bill, adding certainly in each, as he read them, very strong expressions of the pain and misery the proceedings gave him. It struck me at the time that I should, if I had been in office, have felt considerable difficulty about going on after reading such expressions; but whatever might be fair observation as to giving, or not, effect to those expressions, I told his Majesty it was impossible to maintain that his assent had not been expressed, or to cure the evils which were consequential, after the bill, in such circumstances, had been read a second time, and in the Lords' House with a majority of 105. This led him to much conversation upon the fact—that he had, he said, been deserted by an aristocracy that had supported his father—that, instead of forty-five against the measure, there were twice that number of peers for it—that everything was revolutionary—everything was tending to revolution—and the peers and the aristocracy were giving way to it. They (he said more than once or twice more) supported his father; but see what they had done to him. I took the liberty to say that I agreed that matters were rapidly tending to revolution—that I had long thought that this measure of Catholic emancipation was meant to be and would certainly be a step towards producing it—that it was avowed as such with the radicals in 1794,

* The italics in this memorandum are, we take it for granted, those of Lord Eldon's autograph.

5, and 6:—that many of the Catholic Association were understood to have been engaged in all the transactions in Ireland in 1798—and what had they not been threatening to do if this measure was not carried, and even if it was carried? But I thought it only just to some of the peers who voted for the bill to suppose that they had been led, or misled, to believe that his Majesty had agreed and consented to it.

"He then began to talk about the coronation oath. On that I could only repeat what I had before said, if his Majesty meant me to say anything upon the subject. Understanding that he did so wish, I repeated that, as far as his oath was concerned, it was matter between him, God, and his conscience, whether giving his royal assent to this measure was 'supporting, to the utmost of his power, the Protestant reformed religion.' That it was not my opinion, nor the opinions of archbishops, bishops, or lay peers, (*all of which he must know*, as well the opinions in favor of the measure, as those against it,) that were to guide and govern him; but he was to act according to his own conscientious view of the obligations under which such an oath placed him.

"Little more passed—except occasional bursts of expression,—'What can I do? What can I now fall back upon? What can I fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched, my situation is dreadful; nobody about me to advise with. If I do give my assent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover: I'll return no more to England—I'll make no Roman Catholic peers—I will not do what this bill will enable me to do—I'll return no more—let them get a Catholic king in Clarence.' I think he also mentioned Sussex. 'The people will see that I do not wish this.'

"There were the strongest appearances certainly of misery. He, more than once, stopped my leaving him. When the time came that I was to go, he threw his arms round my neck and expressed great misery. I left him about twenty minutes or a quarter before five.

"I certainly thought when I left him, that he would express great difficulty, when the bill was proposed for the royal assent, (great, but which would be overcome,) about giving it. I fear that it seemed to be given as a matter of course."

The following extracts are from letters to his daughter, Lady F. Banks:—

"April 14th, 1829.

"The fatal bills received the royal assent yesterday afternoon. After all I had heard in my visits, not a day's delay! God bless us, and His Church!"

"April 30th, 1829.

"I went to the levee in consequence of a communication that it was much desired that I should do so by the king. I was grieved that my visit was a visit of duty to a sovereign whose supremacy is shared by that Italian priest, as Shakespeare calls the Pope. But I heard that he much wished it, and I understood that it would be a relief if I would go. I was certainly received with a very marked attention. I followed those who are in the high places of office, to whom one bow was made. When I was about to pass, expecting the same slight notice, he took me by the hand and shook it heartily, speaking with great kindness."

Once after this George IV. sent requesting Lord Eldon to call on him—but whatever he had designed to say, he merely spoke a few civil words: his embarrassment was very obvious. No wonder—yet Lord Eldon—who so shrewdly estimated the probable influence even on the masculine mind of George III. of the recollection that the subject had witnessed the weakness of the sovereign—appears to have been not a little surprised and hurt, on

finding that George IV. could never forget the humiliating interviews of March and April, 1829.

Some weeks later (May, 1829) he says to Lady Frances:—

"I fought as well as I could, but I am not what I was; and I never was what a statesman—an accomplished statesman—ought to be. Indeed a lawyer hardly can be both learned in his profession and accomplished in political science. The country will feel—deeply feel—the evils arising from this late measure. Not that those evils will be felt in its immediate effects. Those in whose favor the measure has taken place are too wary—far too wary—to give an alarm immediately; but few years will pass before its direful effects will be made manifest in the ruin of some of our most sacred, and most reverend, and most useful establishments."

He was far enough from foreseeing the course of events, or the way in which the measure of 1829 was to influence that course. His biographer comes in the very next chapter to the French revolution of July; and as soon as Lord Eldon learned in what spirit that revolution was commented on by the most influential English newspapers, and how some of the ablest orators of the Whig party "fanned the sacred flame," he is found writing to Lord Stowell:—"It will require a master-head, such as Pitt had, and nobody now has in this country, to allay what is brewing—a storm for changes here, especially for reform in Parliament." Yet when Parliament met—a new Parliament elected while that French fever was raging—Lord Eldon and his immediate friends acted, it must now be sorrowfully admitted, as if it were their more urgent duty to revenge the emancipation than to oppose the coming "storm." Mr. Twiss says:—"The Catholic Emancipation had riven the conservative body asunder; and through that chasm this mischief* forced its way." One hostile vote of the High Tories in the new House of Commons induced the resignation of the Emancipating Cabinet; and the instant their successors were named, Lord Eldon and the other Anti-Catholic leaders clearly perceived the fatal folly of that one vote. But elsewhere than within the House of Commons the same passionate resentment still prevailed—and the influence of this extra-parliamentary feeling is not omitted—though we doubt if it has exactly its right place assigned it—in Mr. Twiss' eloquent enumeration of the concurrent influences which hurried England into a revolution far more serious than that which had just placed the son of Egalité on the throne of Louis XVI.—"a revolution," in Mr. Twiss' words, "not aiming at the mere change of a dynasty, but dissolving the entire frame of the British constitution."

"It was on the 1st of March, 1831, that Lord John Russell propounded the original Reform Bill to the House of Commons. The plan of it appeared, to most of his hearers on that night, too extravagant to have been intended seriously; and it was a pretty general opinion in the House that the Whigs, having little hope of retaining office themselves, started this invention with a view of so unsettling the popular mind as to make the government untenable by any other ministers. But when, on the following day, the public learned through the newspapers what it was

* Did Mr. Twiss, when he used this word, remember a certain remarkable letter of Gibbon, in 1792, wherein the historian discusses Mr. Grey's early motion for reform, and tells his correspondent, Lord Sheffield, "Surely such men as **** have talents for mischief?"—*Life and Correspondence, Milman's edition*, p. 380.

that the king's servants were willing to do, and the king to sanction, it became instantly obvious that nothing was too excessive for the appetite of the time. The whole country took fire at once. The working people expected that they were to change places with their employers; the middle classes believed that, by breaking down the parliamentary influence of the peers, they should get the governing power of the state into their own hands: and the ministers, the contrivers of the design, persuaded themselves that the people, out of sheer gratitude, would make the rule of the Whigs perpetual. If, to all these interested hopes, we add the jealousy of the vulgar at all privileges not shared by themselves—the resentment of the majority of the nation at the disregard of their sentiments respecting the Roman Catholic Bill—and the superficial notion that the direct representation of numbers is the principle of the elective franchise,—we shall have a tolerably correct conception of the motives of a revolution which, while it has trebled the corruption of the electors, has debased the tone and character of the House of Commons, and come already to be scouted as a cheat by all classes of the nation—which, by shutting the doors of Parliament against the variety of interests and intelligences formerly returned through the close boroughs irrespectively of local connexion, has resolved all other objects into a fierce engrossing struggle between the only two forces now left in the representation, the land and the towns—which has narrowed the sovereign's choice of the public servants in the parliamentary offices of state to the very small circle of the persons having seats at their own command—which has wasted weeks and months of each session in harangues, delivered for no other purpose than to show the mob-constituencies that their members are astir—which has choked the progress of all practical business, and left still unsolved, after twelve years of trial, the great problem propounded by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Peers,—“But, my Lords, how is the king's government to be carried on?”—vol. iii., p. 122—124.

From Mr. Twiss' book no one can expect new light as to the *dessous des cartes* of the Reform Bill. We get some, however, and curious light it is, from Part III. of Lord Brougham's “Political Philosophy,” which has reached us as we write. Earl Grey's chancellor here (p. 307) says, “The government carried the bill through the Lords by the power which his late Majesty had conferred upon us, of an unlimited creation of peers at any stage of the measure. It was fortunate for the constitution that the patriotism of the peers prevented us from having recourse to a measure so full of peril.” This is candid—but what is to be said as to his lordship's revelations in the next page?

“I have often since asked myself the question, whether, if no secession had taken place, and the peers had persisted in really opposing the most important provisions of the bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Twelve years have now rolled over my head since the crisis of 1832: I speak very calmly on this as on every political question whatever; and I cannot, with any confidence, answer it in the affirmative. * * * * *

* * Such was my deep sense of the consequences of the act, that I much question whether I should not have preferred running the risk of the confusion that attended the loss of the bill as it then stood: and I have a strong impression on my mind that my illustrious friend (Earl Grey) would have more than met me half way in the determination to face that risk—(and, of course, to face the clamors of the people, which would have cost us a little)—rather than expose the constitution to so imminent a hazard of subversion.”—p. 308.

His lordship says much more, which we should be glad to quote. *Inter alia* at p. 317, we find him enumerating the principal defects of the existing system of representation; and placing second on that list “the want of close boroughs.” He is, however, far from agreeing with Lord John Russell that the reform was a revolution. If it had been a revolution, says Lord Brougham, it must have brought to light some new men of high ability!

It appears, then, that the “mischief” was, after all, consummated by means of a hoaxing threat. Lord Eldon was not, of course, one of the seceders; he stood to his post first and last—how bravely, how ably, we need not tell.

He did his duty in the midst of the severest domestic affliction—for his wife, whom he had watched over with unwearied tenderness during many years of painful malady, was taken from him when the reform mania was still at its height—and in brave contempt of innumerable personal insults, outrages, and perils which he shared, as his *Anecdote Book* expresses it, “even with the great chief to whom the English people owed the liberties they were abusing.” These vulgar injuries he soon forgot or forgave—the loss of her who had partaken in all his fortunes and all his thoughts, he never entirely recovered. He continued his attendance in Parliament, opposing in vain many equally absurd and baneful political innovations, the natural fruits of the “mischief,” but opposing also, and with better effect, not a few rash and ill-considered projects of change within the department of the law. On purely legal questions his authority with the House of Lords remained to the end supreme; and, the storm once abated, his venerable presence in that assembly unquestionably contributed most essentially to the public good.

Few of our readers can have forgotten the affecting scene that occurred in the theatre at Oxford after the installation of the Duke of Wellington as chancellor, (July, 1834,) when, Lord Eldon being seated by his grace as high steward of the University, Lord Encombe was introduced as his “Unicus Nepos,” to be admitted to an honorary degree. That scene fills a charming page in Mr. Twiss' third volume, and it is only one of many pages that will delight everybody, as proving how complete was the reconciliation between Lord Eldon and the political friends from whom he had for a time been alienated. Three years later Lord Encombe presided at the triennial celebration of Mr. Pitt's birthday; his grandfather was too feeble to be present; and the duke, in proposing the young chairman's health, concluded with these words;—

“We have all of us the most respectful and affectionate recollections of Lord Eldon. Attachment to him, I may say, is almost a part of the constitution of the country.”

Unlike his not less illustrious brother, Lord Eldon retained to the last a complete possession of all the great and varied powers of his mind. He foresaw distinctly the near termination of a disorder under which for several years his physical strength had been gradually sinking, afforded an example of Christian resignation and endurance to the few surviving members of his affectionate family, and expired placidly in Hamilton place, on the 13th of January, 1838, anno ætat. 87. He was buried by the side of his Elizabeth at Encombe.

From Bentley's Magazine.

THE MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

THE murder of the Duke d'Enghien is deservedly regarded as the greatest moral blot on the character of Napoleon. He felt it to be so himself, for he frequently referred to the subject during his exile at St. Helena, and on each occasion, without absolutely declaring the crime indefensible, showed that he did not know how it could be defended. But this is not the only instance in human affairs of men fancying, under the influence of surrounding circumstances, that they were doing something great, just, and noble, which, when the influence of the adventitious circumstances had passed away, they discovered to be paltry, iniquitous, and base. There can now be no doubt that some of the royalists of the French Revolution, defeated in the open field, and persecuted with a virulence to which the proscriptions of the Roman triumvirs scarcely afford a parallel, had in their despair entered into plots, from which they would have shrunk with horror at an early period. Napoleon, through the agency of his police, was well aware that mines of destruction were everywhere formed around him, but the agency prepared for their explosion escaped all the researches of himself and his agents. Although the period has not yet arrived for the complete solution of that state problem,—the seizure and murder of the Duke d'Enghien,—it may nevertheless be desirable to narrate in detail the circumstances of the transaction, which have not yet been laid before the English public with all the minuteness necessary to the formation of a fair opinion. In this atrocious proceeding, hastily resolved upon, and still more hastily executed, it is easy for accomplices to shift the blame from one to another, and to attempt self-vindication by giving prominence to those particulars in which others were conspicuous, and suppressing the incidents which showed the extent of their own responsibility. From the actors in the tragedy we can only expect partial truth; the apologies published by Savary and Hulín, the excuses which Napoleon made for himself, are equally remarkable for suppression of fact, and insinuation of falsehood. Their statements are inconsistent with themselves, and with each other. But as the interest attached to this atrocious outrage is unfading, and as the question involves the character of many more than the immediate actors and sufferers, we here give a consecutive narrative of the events in the order of their occurrence.*

Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, son of Louis-Henri-Joseph, Duke of Bourbon, and of Louisa-Thérèse-Bathilde of Orleans, was born at the château of Chantilly, August

* We have availed ourselves of a work recently published, entitled "*Recherches Historiques sur le Procès et la Condamnation de Duc d'Enghien*, par Aug. Nougarede de Fayet.

2d, 1772. His mother suffered the most acute pains for forty-eight hours in bringing him into the world, and the Duke d'Enghien felt their effects at the moment of his birth, for he came into the world quite black and motionless. To restore him to life, he was immediately wrapped in cloths steeped in spirits of wine; but the remedy nearly proved more fatal to the young prince than the evil itself; a spark flew on these inflammable cloths, and it was only the most prompt assistance that prevented his perishing. He thus commenced, under gloomy auspices, a life, the end of which was destined to be so mournful.

The greater part of the duke's childhood and youth was passed either at Chantilly, or at the château of Saint Maur-les-Fossés, near Vincennes, the air of which appeared to suit his constitution, which was naturally sickly. The Count of Virieu, who brought him up, neglected no means of strengthening his health by all kinds of exercises; and his tutor, the celebrated Abbé Millot, of the Académie Française, directed his whole attention to the development of his mind. The strongly-marked features which from that time displayed themselves in his disposition were, a lively and ardent imagination, which he derived from his mother, and a decided predilection for everything military. The example of the great Condé, which naturally was always placed before him, was calculated to increase this last inclination.

On the bursting out of the French Revolution, he shared the misfortunes of the whole royal family, and on the 17th of July, 1789, three days after the taking of the Bastille, together with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, the Duke de Bourbon, his father, the Count of Artois, and others, he quitted France. The two princes repaired first to Brussels, but afterwards to the King of Sardinia, at Turin. Here they endeavored to bring about, with the European Powers, a counter-revolution. They secretly collected troops, under the command of Viscount Mirabeau. This project, however, being discovered, was abandoned, and Count d'Artois, with the princes of the house of Condé, betook themselves to Worms and to Coblenz. It will be recollected that it was in order to join them at this time that the unfortunate Louis XVI. made his ineffectual attempt to escape from France, in conjunction with the Count de Provence. The latter only was able to reach the frontier, the king being arrested at Varennes.

Towards the end of 1791, in consequence of a rising among the emigrants, hopes were for a moment entertained of renewing a similar attempt upon Strasburg to that which had been projected in vain upon Lyons during the preceding year. With this view the princes came to Ettenheim.* These attempts, however, only tended to render the position of Louis XVI. more perilous, and the most violent decrees were issued against the em-

* "We remained a week at Ettenheim. Twice we hoped to enter Strasburg, whence we were only four leagues distant, and where my grandfather maintained a communication; but orders from Coblenz compelled us to remain inactive. The system of Coblenz has always been to wait for the aid of other powers. The king wished us to do so; he wrote to that effect, and his orders were followed. Who knows, however, whether a vigorous blow might not have saved the life of our unfortunate monarch,—and could we not have served him against his will? To save the king, to avoid a bloody page in our history,—what excuses were there not for disobedience!—and all this without any foreign assistance!"—*Memoirs of the Duke d'Enghien by himself.*

igrants, particularly the princes of the house of Condé. At this period the death of Leopold, and the accession of the Emperor, Francis II., revived the hopes of the French royalists. In concert with the King of Prussia, Francis II. led an army to the Rhine. The emigrants flocked to Coblenz, and such was the excess of their confidence, that they even refused to admit into their ranks those who they said arrived too late among them.*

The emigrants were formed into three corps, the command of one being given to the Duke de Bourbon, and under him the Duke d'Enghien prepared to make his first campaign. The allied army took the field at the beginning of July, when the Duke of Brunswick issued his famous manifesto. At first, it will be remembered, the Austrians and Prussians were very successful, and after the capture of Longwy and Verdun, they proceeded to march on Paris. Deceived, however, by the absurd confidence of the royalists, the generals of the allied forces took no adequate precautions, on entering France, for the supply of provisions for the army. Consequently, famine and disease soon made dreadful ravages, and having been beaten at Valmy and Jemappes, the allies were obliged to retreat in October, 1792. This disastrous campaign cooled the zeal of the allied sovereigns for the royalist cause.

During the two succeeding campaigns the emigrants (for whom the allies had no further occasion, as they did not contemplate again entering France) suffered severely from the insufficiency of their pay, and the neglect of the Austrian and Prussian generals. Their endurance, however, was equal to their courage. The Duke d'Enghien particularly distinguished himself. He displayed great courage at the siege of Mayence, at the attack on the lines at Weissenbourg, and at Berstheim, in 1793, where, upon his father being wounded, he led on the cavalry, and made many brilliant charges. The only error with which he could be reproached was, that he yielded too readily to an impetuous ardor. From the year 1795 to 1797 the Duke d'Enghien had many opportunities of signaling himself. At Kehl, being abandoned by the German troops under his command, and separated from the rest of his corps, it was only by the greatest efforts that he succeeded in re-joining them.

It was observed in the course of these latter campaigns that, with all his former courage, he displayed more calmness and self-possession, and was less carried away by enthusiasm; on the other hand, his military *coup-d'œil* was developed; and if his duties were restricted within narrow limits, at least he fulfilled them with talent.

In private life the Duke d'Enghien showed rather a frankness of character than great powers of mind; the liveliness of his imagination too frequently led him to the two extremes of confidence and despondency. Being as humane as brave, he had always disapproved of those sanguinary reprisals so frequent between the republicans and the emigrants, and the wounded of both parties were

his especial care. Passionately fond of military glory, and devoted to France, notwithstanding his exile, he did not conceal his admiration of the glory of the republican arms, and that of General Bonaparte in particular. This admiration often drew upon him the reproaches of his friends, especially as the openness and vivacity of his disposition would hardly allow him to dissemble his thoughts.* The emigrants about the Prince of Condé (for the most part implacable enemies to the Revolution) could not forgive these sentiments in the young prince; consequently, notwithstanding his affection for his grandfather, he avoided visiting him, remaining almost constantly at headquarters. This estrangement afforded his enemies an opportunity of pretending that he meditated a separation from his grandfather, and that he entertained the design of forming a corps in his own name, distinct from that of Condé.

On the dissolution of the corps of Condé, in 1801, the Duke d'Enghien having obtained from the English government, together with the half-pay of a general officer, permission to remain in Germany, repaired to Ettenheim, near the Cardinal de Rohan. For the Cardinal's niece, the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochfort, he had long conceived the most ardent passion; and although Louis XVIII. (who hoped through him to secure for himself a useful alliance among the sovereigns of Europe,) had always refused his consent to this marriage, the duke had never given up the desire of espousing her. Accordingly about this period he married her, and settled at Ettenheim.†

The death of the cardinal, in the beginning of the following year, 1802, threw the duke once more into a state of uncertainty as to his plans. At first he thought of repairing to England, to his grandfather; then of entering the service of one of the great European powers. With this last design he wrote to his grandfather in England, to ask his permission. To this letter the Prince of Condé thus replied:—

“Wanstead House, 28th Feb., 1802.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“So far am I from recognizing an opinion which you did not yourself entertain three months back—since you then expressed to me your impatience to join us—that I persist more than ever in thinking you ought not to enter the service of any foreign power. Such a step is not proper for you; and no Bourbon, past or present, has ever adopted such a course. Whatever you may be told, not all the revolutions in the world can prevent your continuing to be, till the end of your life, what God alone has made you: this it is very proper to bear in mind. At the beginning of the war, which I venture to believe I carried on as well as others did, I refused to accept any rank in foreign service; it is thus you yourself ought to act. The line of conduct you advocate might possibly cause you to become the ally of French rebels, and expose you to fight against the cause of your king.

“Such are the sentiments, my dear grandson, with which I write you this letter. May God inspire you with those that you owe to us, on so many accounts! You will then lead a happy life within yourself,

* “We expected to find the greatest facility for penetrating into France; not one of us thought of meeting with the slightest resistance. ‘The patriots,’ we said, ‘will fly at the mere sight of an army; everything will give way before men who are enemies only of disorder. We shall be called for on every side; we shall have rather a procession to make to Paris than a campaign.’”

—B.

* On one occasion the duke used these expressions:—“It is terrible to be obliged to despise people, and keep silent. I shall find some difficulty in accustoming myself to this. However, I am continually told that it is more necessary than ever.”

† Although there exists no proof to this effect, there appears to be no doubt that they were married at this period by the Cardinal de Rohan.

while anticipating the continuance of your glory, at which we shall rejoice as much as yourself.

"Adieu! I embrace you.

"L. H. J. DE BOURBON."

Upon the receipt of this letter, the Duke d'Enghien renounced his project, and soon afterwards obtained permission to continue at Ettenheim.

At this place he inhabited a small Gothic castle, near the house occupied by the Princess Charlotte and her father, and field-sports constituted his principal occupation. Being still attached to France, he did not conceal the regret he felt at his exile; and he often envied the lot of those whose birth and position permitted them to return thither. It was reported, too, that he went secretly several times to the left bank of the Rhine, and even to the theatre at Strasburg.* This conduct of the prince, the report of his journeys to Strasburg, his well-known sentiments, furnished grounds, it would seem, for the supposition in London, at the beginning of 1803, that he intended to treat with the First Consul, for his grandfather considered it his duty to write to him on the subject of these reports the following letter:—

"Wanstead House, June 16, 1803.

"MY DEAR CHILD,

"It has been asserted here for more than six months, that you have been on a journey to Paris; others say you have only been to Strasburg. You must allow that this is risking your life and liberty somewhat uselessly. As for your principles, I am quite easy on that score; they are as deeply engraven on your heart as they are on ours. It seems to me that you might now confide to us what has passed; and, if it be true, tell us what you have noticed on your journey.

"As regards your own welfare, which is for many reasons so dear to us, I sent you word, it is true, that your present position might be very useful in many respects; but you are very near,—take care of yourself, and do not neglect any precaution, in order to make your retreat in safety, should the First Consul take it into his head to have you carried off. On this point, do not suppose there is any courage in braving everything; it would be nothing better, in the eyes of the whole world, than an unpardonable act of imprudence, and could be followed by no other but the most fearful consequences. Therefore, I repeat, take care of yourself, and satisfy us by replying that you feel perfectly what I ask of you, and that we may be at ease as to the precautions you will take. I embrace you.

(Signed) L. J. DE BOURBON."

To this letter the duke thus replied:—

"Assuredly, my dear sir, those must know me very little who can have said, or endeavored to create a belief, that I should set foot on the republican soil otherwise than with the rank and in the position in which chance has placed my birth. I am too proud to bow my head meanly. The First Consul may perhaps accomplish my destruction, but never shall he humble me.

"A man may assume an *incognito* to travel in the glaciers of Switzerland, as I did last year, having nothing better to do; but as for France, whenever I do take that journey, I shall not have occasion to hide myself there. I can, then, give you my most sacred word of honor, that such an idea has never entered, and never will enter, my head. Mischief-makers may have wished, by relating to you these absurdities, to injure me still more in your eyes. I am accustomed to such good offices, which they have been always anxious to render me; and I am only

too happy that they should be at last reduced to employ calumnies so absurd.

"I embrace you, my dear sir, and I beg you never to doubt my profound respect, any more than my affection.

L. H. A. DE BOURBON."

At this time, however, being informed of the rupture between France and England, and of the departure of Lord Whitworth, with the view of entirely contradicting these reports, the prince lost no time in writing to London, to solicit service in the war about to commence against France. He proposed to place himself at the head of a body of auxiliaries to be formed on the banks of the Rhine, who might be joined by deserters from the republican armies.

Such was the state of affairs at Ettenheim, when the prefect of Strasburg received, on March 14th, a letter from the French government, directing him to ascertain immediately whether the Duke d'Enghien were still in that city. The result of this inquiry was, that the duke was ascertained to be at Ettenheim; that he hunted daily; that he was in personal communication with Dumourier; that his foreign correspondence had lately become more active; that he was much beloved at Ettenheim; and that the people of the electorate seemed generally to anticipate some approaching change in the French government. One of these statements (that relating to Dumourier) was false, for he was not near Ettenheim. This mistake, arising from the corrupt German pronunciation of another name, was of serious importance to the prince.

At the very time the First Consul was engaged in instituting these inquiries, the conspirator Georges Cadoudal was arrested. This event likewise was prejudicial to the Duke d'Enghien, for some of the conspirators declared, on their examination, their constant expectation of being joined by a French prince. Several circumstances made it appear highly improbable that either the Count d'Artois or the Bourbon princes (then resident in England) were concerned in these plots, and it was therefore concluded that this expected prince could be no other than the Duke d'Enghien.

The result of these reports and conjectures was, an order, transmitted on the 10th of March, under the dictation and signature of the First Consul, to Generals Caulaincourt and Ordener to proceed with an armed force to Ettenheim, to make the duke prisoner and bring him to Strasburg. They were ordered to go together to Ettenheim, and when there, carefully to reconnoitre the prince's residence, to learn his habits, and find out whether any resistance might be apprehended on his part, or on that of the inhabitants.

Having arrived at Ettenheim about eight in the morning of the 14th March, they repaired immediately to the prince's house. Notwithstanding all their caution, however, and the perfect air of indifference they assumed, their presence was noticed by the prince's servants, whose suspicions had been awakened by several circumstances. For some time previous, it was known that the prefect of Strasburg had sent various agents to the right bank of the Rhine; and many of the duke's friends, among whom the king of Sweden himself, had requested him to take precautions. At length the Princess Charlotte received secret notice that the proceedings of the Duke d'Enghien were narrowly watched. Those immediately about the prince were accordingly on the alert, and Féron, his valet, as he was standing behind a window, observing two strangers, who, while making the cir-

* This is strongly denied by one attached to the prince's service. The report was, however, credited at the time.

cuit of the house, appeared to be examining it with unusual attention, immediately called Canone, another of the prince's domestics, who had followed him in all his campaigns, and had even saved his life in Poland. Canone particularly noticed the face of one of the men, and declared him to be a *gend'arme* in disguise, whom he had often seen at Strasburg. Forthwith he ran to warn the prince, who treated these fears as imaginary; still, in order to satisfy Canone, he begged one of his officers to ascertain the truth. The officer questioned the strangers, but they contrived to impose upon him. For more than a league he followed them, and then observing that they took the road opposite to that leading to the French frontier, he returned to Ettenheim, declaring that no suspicion need be entertained of them. However, for greater precaution, and yielding to the entreaties of the Princess Charlotte and the persons about him, the prince consented to remove in a few days. That very night, however, the execution of the scheme took place.

The duke had projected a hunting party for that day. He was already dressed, and ready to set off, when Féron came in to inform him that the house was surrounded by soldiers, and that their commander summoned them to open the doors, if they did not wish to see them burst open! "Well, then, we must defend ourselves!" exclaimed the prince, as he ran to the window, armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and followed by Canone, who brought a second. Colonel Grunstein also joined them. When he reached the window the Duke d'Enghien levelled his piece at the officer who had summoned him, and he was preparing to fire, when Colonel Grunstein, perceiving that some *gend'armes* and dragoons had already forced their way in at the back entrance, put his hand on the guard of the prince's gun: "Monseigneur," said he quickly, "have you compromised yourself?" "No," replied the prince. "Well, then, all resistance is useless—we are surrounded, and I observe a great many bayonets." The prince, turning round, saw the *gend'armes* in fact enter the hall; and Colonel Charlot came in also. Colonel Grunstein and his three servants were arrested at the same moment with the prince. In the mean time cries of "fire" were raised from without. They arose from the side where it was supposed General Dumourier resided, and were repeated in different directions. Colonel Charlot, uneasy as to the disposition of the inhabitants, which he knew to be favorable to the Duke d'Enghien and the emigrants, lost no time in proceeding thither. Scarcely had he left the house, when he encountered a man who appeared to be directing his steps with haste towards the church. He was a farrier, who having got up early, and understanding what was going on, was proceeding to sound the tocsin. Colonel Charlot immediately arrested him. He met afterwards the grand huntsman of the Elector of Baden, who had been attracted by the cries of "fire;" him he satisfied by observing that all that was going on had been agreed upon with his sovereign. He made the same reply to a great number of the inhabitants, also, who showed themselves, at the doors of their houses, greatly alarmed.

On his return to the prince's dwelling, he found Chavelier Jacques, his secretary, whom he thought proper to detain, although he was not on the list of persons to be arrested. He made the chevalier deliver up the key of his room, and took away all

the papers in it. He also seized and sealed up those which were found in the prince's cabinet. Everything being thus concluded, he informed General Ordener that he was ready, and the latter immediately made his arrangements for their departure.

While the troops dispersed round the town were being collected, the prince and the other prisoners were placed in a mill, called La Tuilerie, a short distance from the gates of Ettenheim. Chevalier Jacques had several times been to this mill; and, recollecting that one of the doors of the room in which they were opened outside on a plank by which the stream which turned the mill-wheel was crossed, he made a sign to the duke, who approached him by degrees: "Open this door," said he rapidly, "pass over the plank, and throw it into the water; I myself will bar the passage against pursuit." The prince proceeded to the door, but a child, frightened by the presence of the soldiers, had run out to the other side, and had fastened the bolt. Warned by this movement, the commander caused two sentinels to be posted there. The Duke d'Enghien then asked leave to send one of his attendants to Ettenheim, to bring him some linen and clothes. This was immediately consented to, and permission was also given to such of his domestics as might not be willing to follow him, to depart, but all of them refused, and begged to share the fate of their master.

As they were in haste to repass the Rhine, the prince and two of the officers were obliged to get into a wagon surrounded by *gend'armes*. They took him on first, the other prisoners followed on foot.

On the road which separates Ettenheim from the banks of the Rhine, the prince and his officers fancied that one of the leaders of the escort evinced an intention to save the prince at the moment of embarkation. Whether they were mistaken in this idea, or whether the arrangements which had been taken did not allow him to follow up his design, no attempt of the kind was really made.

The prince was placed in the same boat with General Ordener, and during the passage endeavored to enter into conversation with that officer, in order to ascertain the cause of his being thus carried away. He even reminded him that they had fought against each other in an affair which he mentioned; but the general, desirous of avoiding all explanation, pretended not to recollect this circumstance, and there the conversation dropped. When they reached the frontier, General Ordener left the charge of the prince to Colonel Charlot, and returned to Strasburg.

After having travelled on foot as far as Pfofsheim, the prince stopped to breakfast. There they found a carriage which had been previously prepared, into which he got, with Colonel Charlot. During the journey, the Duke d'Enghien entered into conversation with Colonel Charlot, and asked him, as he had previously desired to ascertain from General Ordener, the motives for his seizure. The colonel replied, that as far as he could judge, the First Consul regarded him as one of the principal leaders in the conspiracy of Georges. The prince repelled this imputation with warmth, observing that such projects were wholly contrary to his views and habits, but at the same time admitted that, as a prince of the House of Bourbon, although he personally admired the renown of General Bonaparte, he could not but always oppose

him. He then asked Colonel Charlot what he thought they would do to him? Upon Charlot replying that he did not know, the prince evinced great dread of being brought to Paris to be imprisoned there, observing, that he would rather die at once; telling Colonel Charlot that he was on the point of firing upon him when he summoned him to surrender; and adding, that "he almost regretted he had not done it, and thus have decided his fate by arms." Charlot, in his turn, asked him respecting Dumourier. The prince assured him that he had not been at Ettenheim; that it was possible, as he was expecting instructions from England every moment, that the general might be the bearer of them, but that in any case he should not have received him, as it was beneath his rank to have to do with such people. They reached Strasburg about five in the afternoon, and while waiting until General Leval should be apprized of their arrival, Colonel Charlot took the prince into his house; there, taking advantage of a moment when they were alone, the prince tried to persuade Charlot to allow him to escape. The colonel, however, would not understand him, and half an hour afterwards, a hackney-coach arrived, which conveyed the prince to the citadel.

Here he was received by Major Machim, commandant of the place. "He was," says the prince himself, (in the journal which he wrote day by day, hour by hour, from the time of his seizure, and which was found upon him after his death,) "a man of very obliging manners." He showed the prince the greatest attention, and since there was not time to prepare a room for him that evening, it was agreed that he and the other prisoners should pass the night (March 15th) on mattresses laid on the floor in the commandant's parlor. Dressed just as he was the Duke d'Enghien threw himself on his mattress, after writing a few lines in his journal. Baron Grunstein was placed near him. Being uneasy on the prince's account, he again asked him, in a low voice, whether there was anything in his papers which was likely to compromise him. "They contain only what is already known," replied the prince: "they show that I have been fighting for the last eight years, and that I am ready to fight again. I do not think they desire my death; but they will throw me into some fortress to make use of me when they want a hostage; to that sort of life, however, I shall have some trouble in accustoming myself."

In this disquietude the duke passed the night; the next morning, Major Machim having gone to him, the prince entered into conversation with him, protesting anew, as he had previously done to Colonel Charlot, that he was entirely ignorant of the plot against the First Consul, and that he had always disapproved of all such projects. The major observed, as that was the case, he did not think the matter could be followed by any serious consequences, and that it would doubtless only cost him a few days' detention.

Meanwhile the duke, who, from the moment of his seizure had not ceased to think of the uneasiness which it must have caused the Princess Charlotte, asked Major Machim whether he might not be allowed to write to her. The major replied, that he could not take upon himself to forward the letter, but could only refer the matter to General Leval; but that, if the letter contained ordinary news merely, he did not doubt that the latter would cause it to reach its destination. The

duke accordingly addressed the following letter to the Princess Charlotte.

"Citadel of Strasburg, Friday, March 16th.

I have been promised that this letter shall be faithfully delivered to you. I have only this moment obtained leave to console you with regard to my present condition, and I lose not an instant in doing so, begging you also to cheer all who are attached to me in your neighborhood. All my fear is, that this letter may not find you at Ettenheim, and that you may be on your road hither. The happiness I should feel in seeing you would not nearly equal my fear of causing you to share my fate. Preserve for me your affection, your interest: it may be very useful to me,—for you can interest persons of influence in my misfortune. I have already thought that you had perhaps set out. You have learned from the good Baron Ischterlitzheim the manner of my being carried off, and you may have judged, by the number of persons employed, that any resistance would have been useless. Nothing can be done against force. I have been conducted by Rheinau, and the route of the Rhine. They show me attention and politeness. Except as regards my liberty, (for I cannot go out of my room,) I may say I am as comfortable as possible; all my attendants have slept in my room, because I wished it. We occupy part of the commandant's apartment, and they are getting another ready, into which I shall go this morning, where I shall be still better off. The papers taken from me, which were sealed immediately with my seal, are to be examined this morning in my presence. By what I have observed, they will find some letters from my relations, from the king, and a few copies of my own. All this, as you know, cannot compromise me in any way more than my name and my manner of thinking may have done during the course of the revolution. I think they will send all this to Paris; and I am assured that, from what I have said, it is thought I shall be at liberty in a short time: God grant it! They looked for Dumourier, who was to be in our neighborhood. They thought, perhaps, that we had had conferences together; and apparently he is implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. My ignorance of all this leads me to hope that I may obtain my liberty. Let us not, however, flatter ourselves yet. If any of the gentlemen who accompanied me are set at liberty before me, I shall feel very great happiness in sending them to you while waiting for the greatest. The attachment of my attendants draws tears from me every moment. They might have escaped,—they were not forced to follow me; but they would do it. I have Féron, Joseph, and Poulain. The good Moyloff has not left me an instant. I have seen the commandant again this morning; he appears to me to be a courteous and charitable man, at the same time strict in fulfilling his duties. I expect the colonel of gend'armes who arrested me, and who is to open my papers before me. I beg you will direct the baron to take care of my property. If I am to remain longer, I shall send for more of them than I have. I hope the landlords of these gentlemen will also take care of their effects. Pray give my affectionate regards to your father. If I one day obtain permission to send one of my attendants, which I desire greatly and shall solicit, he will give you all the details of our melancholy position. We must hope, and wait. If you are good enough to come to see me, do not come until you have been to Carlsruhe, as you mentioned. Alas! in addition to all your own affairs, and the insupportable delay attendant on them, you will now have to speak of mine also. The elector will no doubt have taken an interest in them; but, I entreat you, do not on that account neglect your own.

"Adieu, Princess. You have long known my tender and sincere attachment for you: free, or a prisoner, it will ever be the same.

"Have you sent the news of our misfortune to Madame d'Ecquevilly?"

(Signed) L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

Having written this letter, the duke delivered it to Major Machim. General Leval now came to visit him. He announced to the prince that a room had just been prepared for him in the pavilion, on the right of the citadel, to which he would be removed, and that he would be at liberty to walk in the little garden adjoining the pavilion. In other respects, the coldness of the general's address prevented him from speaking either of his own situation, or of the letter to the Princess Charlotte. The apartment to which the duke was transferred communicated by passages with those of Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt. As for Colonel Grunstein, it was thought right to separate him from the prince, and to give him a solitary apartment on the other side of the court.

At half-past four in the afternoon, Colonel Charlot and the Commissary-General of Police, came to open the prince's papers, which, after a rapid examination, were tied in packets previously to being sent to Paris.*

* Journal of the Duke d'Enghien, written by himself, and of which the original was forwarded to the First Consul, April 22d, 1804:—

"Thursday, March 15th,—at Ettenheim, my house surrounded by a detachment of dragoons, and picquets of gend'armes, in all about two hundred men; two generals, the colonel of dragoons, Colonel Charlot, of the gendarmerie of Strasburg; at five o'clock. At half-past five, the doors forced; taken to the mill near the tile kiln, my papers seized and sealed up; conveyed in a wagon, between two files of fusiliers, to the Rhine. Embarked for Rheinau; landed, and walked to Pföfsheim; breakfasted in the inn. Got into a carriage with Colonel Charlot, the quartermaster of the gend'armes, a gend'arme and Grunstein on the box. Arrived at Strasburg at Colonel Charlot's house, at about half-past five; transferred, half an hour afterwards, in a hackney-coach, to the citadel. My companions in misfortune came from Pföfsheim to Strasburg, with peasants' horses, in a wagon; arrived at the citadel at the same time as I did. Alighted at the house of the commandant; lodged in his parlor for the night, on mattresses upon the floor. Gend'armes on foot in the next room: two sentinels in the room, one at the door. Slept badly.

"Friday, 16th.—Told that I am to change my room; I am to pay for my board, and probably for wood and lights. General Leval, commanding the division, accompanied by General Fririon, one of those who seized me, have been to visit me. Their manner very cold. I am transferred to the pavilion on the right of the entrance of the square in coming from the city. I can communicate with the apartments of MM. Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt, by passages; but neither I nor my attendants can go out. I am told, however, that I am to have permission to walk in a little garden, in a court behind my pavilion. A guard of twelve men and an officer is at my door. After dinner I am separated from Grunstein, to whom they gave a solitary room at the other side of the court. This separation adds still more to my misfortune. I have written this morning to the princess. I have sent my letter by the commandant to General Leval; I have no answer. I asked him to send one of my people to Est: no doubt everything will be refused.

"The precautions are extreme on all sides to prevent me from communicating with any one whatever. If this state of things continues, I think despair will take possession of me. At half-past four they come to look at my papers, which Colonel Charlot, accompanied by a *commissaire de sûreté*, opens in my presence. They read them superficially; they make separate bundles of them, and give me to understand that they are about to be sent to Paris. I must, then, languish for weeks, perhaps months! My grief increases the more I reflect on my cruel position. I lie down at eleven o'clock; I am worn out, and cannot sleep. The major of the place, M. Machim, is very obliging; he comes to see me when I have retired to rest, and endeavors to console me by kind words."

The next day (Saturday, March 17th) the prince rose early, uneasy and full of thought. "Saturday, 17th March," says he, "I know nothing of my letter: I tremble for the princess' health; one word from my hand would restore it: I am very unhappy. They have just made me sign the *procès verbal* of the opening of my papers. I ask and obtain permission to add an explanatory note to prove that I have never had any other intention than to serve, and to make war."* The prince thus continues his journal, March 17th: "In the evening I was told that I should have leave to walk in the garden, and even in the court, with the officer on guard, as well as my companions in misfortune, and that my papers are despatched by an extraordinary courier to Paris: I sup and go to bed more contented."

Meanwhile, the telegraphic despatch, addressed to the First Consul from Strasburg on the 15th, had arrived the same day at Paris, and orders were thereupon sent to General Leval to send the prince instantly to Paris. The courier arrived during the night of Saturday, March 17th. A carriage was in consequence immediately prepared: and Colonel Charlot was sent to the citadel for the prince. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and the prince, startled at being thus suddenly awakened, and surprised at seeing himself thus conveyed alone, and separated from his companions, demanded of Colonel Charlot the reason of it; the latter replied that he only knew that General Leval had received orders from Paris. The duke quitted his prison therefore, in a state of great uneasiness. "Sunday, the 18th," he thus writes in his journal, "They come and carry me away at half-past one in the morning: they only give me time to dress myself; I embrace my unfortunate companions, and my servants; I set out alone with two officers of gend'armes and two gend'armes. Colonel Charlot tells me that we are going to the house of the General of division, who has received orders from Paris; instead of that, I find a carriage with six post-horses in the square of the church. They place me inside, Lieutenant Petermann gets in at my side, Quarter-Master Blitersdorff on the box, two gend'armes, one inside the other outside."

But his uneasiness was converted into joy in the morning, when he learned from Lieutenant Petermann that they were proceeding to Paris. Nothing could have afforded him more pleasure than this news, not doubting that on his arrival he should be permitted to see the First Consul. "A quarter of an hour's conversation with him," he repeated frequently on the road, "and all will soon

* This appears to be the note said to have been written from Strasburg to the First Consul by the duke. It has not been preserved; but, from the recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena, and from other documents relating to this affair, the prince, repeating in this note what he had said to Colonel Charlot and Major Machim, most earnestly protested his innocence of any participation whatever in a plot against the life of the First Consul. He added, "that if this plot existed, he had been left in ignorance of it, and had even been deceived on the subject; that he, more than any one, was attached to France, and admired the genius of the First Consul; that he had often regretted his being unable to fight under his command, and with Frenchmen; and that perhaps, far removed as he was from the throne, and with no hope of attaining it, he might have thought of doing so, if the duties annexed to his birth had not imposed on him the necessity of acting otherwise; that, in short, he could not believe that the First Consul would consider it a crime in him to have maintained by arms the rights of his family and his own rank."

be arranged." He appeared at the same time pleased to revisit France; called to mind, as they passed through various places, those whom he had formerly known; and, moved by the kind attention of those who accompanied him, he presented to Lieutenant Petermann one of the rings he wore, and which the latter afterwards preserved with the greatest care.

The journey was performed with more rapidity than would appear possible for the escort of *gend'armes*; and on March 19th, about nine in the evening, after having passed through the city of Châlons-sur-Marne, about forty leagues from Paris, they arrived the next day about three, P. M., at the *Barrier La Villette*; thence, following the outer boulevards, the carriage entered the *Faubourg St. Germain* by the *Rue de Sevres*, and stopped at the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, then in the *Rue de Bac*. Having entered the court-yard, the carriage-door was opened, and the prince was preparing to alight, when some one hastily ran up, directing them to wait. In a few minutes a carriage was observed to approach the entrance, to take up a person and leave the Hotel in great haste. Half an hour afterwards the postilion who had remained on horseback, received orders to proceed towards Vincennes, where they arrived at about half-past five in the afternoon.

During the same afternoon, the two following letters were addressed to General Murat, Governor of Paris, and to Harel, Commandant of Vincennes.

"SECRET POLICE.

29th Ventôse, Year XII., 4 P. M.

"To the General-in-Chief Murat, Governor of Paris.

"GENERAL,

"Agreeably to the orders of the First Consul, the Duke d'Enghien is to be conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, where arrangements are made to receive him. He will probably arrive to-night at this destination. I beg you will make the arrangements requisite for his safety, as well at Vincennes as on the road of Meaux, by which he will arrive. The First Consul has ordered that his name, and everything relative to him, should be kept strictly secret; consequently, the officer in charge of him must not make him known to any one. He travels under the name of Plessis. I desire you to give the necessary instructions, that the intentions of the First Consul may be fulfilled."

"SECRET POLICE.

"29th Ventôse, Year XII., half-past 4 P. M.

"To Citizen Harel, Commandant of the Castle of Vincennes.

"An individual, whose name is not to be known, citizen commander, is to be conducted to the Castle the command of which is intrusted to you. You will lodge him in the place that is vacant, taking precautions for his safe custody. The intention of government is, that all which relates to him should be kept strictly secret, and that no question should be asked him, either as to what he is, or in regard to the cause of his detention. You yourself are not to know who he is. You alone are to communicate with him, and you will not permit him to be seen by any one till further orders from me. It is probable he will arrive to-night.

"The First Consul relies, citizen commander, on your discretion, and on your scrupulous fulfilment of these various orders."

Harel had only just received this letter when,

about half-past five, he observed the carriage and six, which brought the prisoner, stop at his door. He came forward immediately to receive him, and as the morning had been cold and rainy, he invited the prince into his room to warm himself, until the apartment destined for him was prepared. The prince replied, "that he would warm himself with pleasure, and should not be sorry to dine, for he had scarcely broken his fast since the morning."

As they ascended the stairs together Madame Bon came down. She was an aged nun, a schoolmistress at Vincennes, who having had Madame Harel's two little girls at her house during the day, to take lessons, had brought them back at night. She overheard the conversation of the prince with the commandant. The prince, on his part, observing a lady in the dress of a nun approach him, made way to allow her to pass. "He appeared to her," she afterwards said, "of an ordinary height, slender, and of a distinguished deportment. He was dressed in a long brown uniform riding-coat, and wore on his head a cap with double gold lace band; he was pale, and seemed much fatigued."

The prince, meanwhile, having warmed himself, was conducted by Harel to the king's pavilion, into the room which had been prepared for him, where a fire had been made, and some furniture brought in—a bed, a table, and some chairs. While waiting the arrival of the supper, and as he walked up and down the room, the prince conversed with Harel. He told him he had formerly accompanied his grandfather to the castle and woods of Vincennes; that he even thought he remembered the room in which they then were; and, not foreseeing any fatal result to his seizure, which he imagined would end in detention only, he spoke to him of his love of field-sports, and said that if he might be permitted to hunt in the forest, he promised not to attempt to escape.

The supper, which had been ordered at a *traiteur's* in the neighborhood, was brought in not long after, and the prince approached eagerly to partake of it, but perceiving some very common pewter covers on the table, such as were commonly given to prisoners, he took them in his hands, examined them, and replacing them, continued his walk. Harel understood what this meant, and sent for silver covers. The prince then sat down to table, and a favorite hound, which had not quitted him since his removal, having placed himself at his side, he gave it a part of the food which had been served up. "I think," said he to Harel, "that there is no indiscretion in doing this."

The repast being finished, Harel retired, and the prince having gone to bed fatigued with the journey, soon fell fast asleep.

At the moment of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, Napoleon was at Malmaison. On the pretence that the prince was concerned in the plot of Georges, &c., he immediately set about arranging the mode of his trial. A military commission having been decided upon, he sent orders to Murat to nominate the members of it. He also caused a detailed report to be drawn up of all the facts relating to the Duke d'Enghien, to be laid before this commission.

The following decree was issued in conformity with the above report, to serve as the ground of accusation.

"LIBERTY—EQUALITY."

"Paris, 29th Ventôse, Year XII. of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

"Article 1. The *ci-devant* Duke d'Enghein, accused of having borne arms against the Republic, of having been, and of still being, in the pay of England, of taking part in the plots laid by the latter power against the internal and external safety of the Republic, shall be brought before a Military Commission, composed of seven members, nominated by the General Governor of Paris, and which shall assemble at Vincennes.

"Article 2. The Grand Judge, the Minister of War, and the General-Governor of Paris are entrusted with the execution of the present Decree.

"The First Consul.

(Signed)

"BONAPARTE."

The Minister of War was commanded by the First Consul to direct the members of the commission immediately to repair to the residence of Murat, to take his orders. He was at the same time to assemble at the barrier Saint Antoine a brigade of infantry, which, together with the legion of *gend'armie d'élite* of which General Savary, the First Consul's aide-de-camp, was colonel, was to guard the Castle of Vincennes during the continuance of the trial. General Savary was to have the command of these troops, as well as of the castle.

When Savary arrived at the Barrier Saint Antoine, he was stopped. It was night; and, having only recently returned to Paris, he was not aware of the rigorous measures which had been adopted, and and not, therefore, asked for a special order from Murat to leave the capital; the guards posted at the barrier would not consequently allow him to pass, and he was obliged to send to Murat to obtain his authority to enable him to do so. On his arrival at length at Vincennes, about half-past eight in the evening, Savary placed the brigade of infantry on the esplanade, on the side next the park, and marched his legion into the inner court and at the various outlets, with directions not to allow any communication from without under any pretext.

The commissioners having received their instructions to proceed to Vincennes, to try a prisoner, they accordingly proceeded thither; nor was it till they were assembled in the apartment of the commandant that they were made aware of the precise object of their meeting. General Hulin then showed them the documents sent by Murat, and at the same time, in order that the prince might be interrogated by the chief judge, gave orders to bring him into the adjoining room.

The Duke d'Enghein was in a deep sleep, when, about eleven o'clock, p. m., Lieutenant Noirrot entered his room, accompanied by two *gend'armes*. He dressed himself immediately, and followed them into the presence of *le capitaine rapporteur*. The latter then proceeded to his examination, which he drew up as follows:—

The prisoner was asked his surname, Christian names, age, and birthplace?

Answer. Louis-Henri-Antoine de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghein, born August 2d, 1772, at Chantilly.

Question. At what period had he quitted France?

A. I cannot tell precisely, but I think it was the 16th of July, 1789. That he went with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois, and the children of the Count d'Artois.

Q. Where he had resided since leaving France?

A. On leaving France I passed, with my relations, whom I have always followed, by Mons and Brussels; thence we proceeded to Turin, to the King of Sardinia, where we remained nearly sixteen months. Thence, always with my family, I went to Worms, and the banks of the Rhine. The corps of Condé was then formed, and I joined them. I had before that made the campaign of 1792, in Brabant, with the corps of Bourbon, under Duke Albert.

Q. Whither had he gone upon the ratification of peace between the French Republic and the Emperor?

A. We finished the last campaign near Gratz; it was there that the corps of Condé, which had been in the pay of England, was disbanded, that is to say, at Wendisch Faëstrieztz, in Styria. After that I remained for my own convenience at Gratz and its neighborhood from six to nine months, awaiting intelligence from my grandfather, the Duke de Condé, who had gone on to England to ascertain what pecuniary assistance the English government would allow him, which had not been decided upon. During this interval I asked permission of Cardinal de Rohan to reside at Ettenheim, in Brisgau, formerly the Bishoprick of Strasburg. There I remained two years and a half. On the cardinal's death, I requested officially of the Elector of Baden to be allowed to reside in that country, not desiring to remain there without his permission.

Q. Whether he had not been in England, and whether he was not in the pay of that government.

A. That he had never been there; that England always granted him pecuniary assistance; and that without such aid he had not the means of subsistence. He added, that his reason for remaining at Ettenheim no longer existing, he intended to reside at Fribourg, in Brisgau, a more pleasant town than Ettenheim, where he had only remained because the Elector gave him permission to hunt, of which he was passionately fond.

Q. Whether he kept up any correspondence with the French princes in London? If he had seen them for some time?

A. He had kept up a correspondence naturally with his grandfather since he had left him at Vienna, whither he had conducted him after the disbanding of the corps of Condé; that he had also maintained a correspondence with his father, whom he had not seen, as far as he could recollect, since 1794 or 1795.

Q. What was the rank he held in the corps of Condé?

A. Commander of the advance-guard before 1796. Previously to that time he was a volunteer at the head-quarters of his grandfather; and on every occasion, since 1796, commander of the advance-guard. After the army of Condé passed into Russia this army was formed into two corps, one of infantry and the other of dragoons, of which he was appointed colonel by the emperor; and in that rank he rejoined the army on the Rhine.

Q. If he was acquainted with Pichegru? Whether he had any communication with him?

A. I have not, I believe, ever seen him. I have had no communication with him. I knew that he desired to see me. I am proud not to have known him, after the base means of which, it is said, he has made use, if it be true.

Q. Whether he was acquainted with the Ex-

General Dumourier; and whether he had any communication with him?

A. Not at all. I have never seen him.

Q. Whether, since the peace, he had not held a correspondence with persons in the interior of the Republic?

A. I have written to some friends who are still attached to me, who have fought by my side for their own interests as well as mine. Such correspondence is not of such a nature as, he thought, they meant.

"From this examination the present document has been drawn up, which has been signed by the Duke d'Enghien, Chef-d'escadron Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, two gend'armes, and *le capitaine rapporteur*."

The examination being terminated, the prince earnestly asked the *capitaine rapporteur* the mode of obtaining an audience of the First Consul. He was advised to state his demand at the end of the examination, which would be laid before the judges, and upon which they must necessarily pronounce. The prince wrote, in consequence, the following words at the foot of his examination:—

"Before signing the present *procès-verbal*, I entreat to be allowed a private audience of the First Consul. My name, my rank, my mode of thinking, and the horror of my situation, lead me to hope that he will not refuse my request.

(Signed) L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

The *capitaine rapporteur* then went back to the apartment where the commissioners were assembled, and having communicated to them the result of the examination, they deliberated on the propriety of acceding to the request just made by the prisoner; but Savary declaring that it would not be agreeable to the First Consul, they decided on passing immediately to judgment.

The president therefore gave orders to bring in the Duke d'Enghien, and at the same time, also, part of the officers assembled at Vincennes. General Savary was also present, and stood warming himself at the fire-place behind the chair of the president.

The Duke d'Enghien having been brought in, General Hulin put those questions to him contained in the decree of the government, namely:—Whether he had borne arms against the Republic? Whether he had been, and still was, in the pay of England? Finally, whether he had taken part in the plots laid by that power against the internal and external security of the Republic, and against the life of the First Consul.

"The prince," General Hulin said, "presented himself before us with a noble confidence. He admitted that he received pay from England; that he had made, and was ready again to make, war on the Republican Government, to sustain the rights of his family, and of his own rank. As to secret plots, and particularly plots of assassination, he denied them with vehemence, as a species of insult, declaring to the judges that such a mode of acting was so wholly contrary to his rank and birth that he was surprised it could be imputed to him.

The general, however, expressed his incredulity of the duke's ignorance of these plots, alleging as a reason that very rank and birth to which he had just appealed; and concluded thus:—"By the manner in which you answer us, you appear to mistake your position. Take care; this affair

may become serious: military commissions judge without appeal."

The Duke d'Enghien remained silent for a moment; and then replied, "I can only repeat, sir, what I have just told you. Hearing that war was declared against France, I solicited from England a command in her armies. The English government sent me for answer that they could not give me one, but that I was to remain on the Rhine, where I should soon have a part to play; and I waited. This, sir, is all I can tell you."

This answer of the prince closed the examination. The president, Hulin, ordered the accused to retire; and the commissioners preparing to commence their deliberations, General Savary, and the other officers who had been present, retired also.

The consultation was not long; the prince, as has been seen, did not deny having received pay from England; that he awaited, on the banks of the Rhine, the part which might be assigned him by that power; that he had borne, and was ready again to bear arms against France: finally, with regard to the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul, they would not believe, notwithstanding his denial of it, that he knew so little of a project so beneficial to his family and himself, nor that he felt so great a repugnance to means which they had observed were employed by other members of his family; finding, therefore, in the very admissions of the prince, together with the documents in their possession relating to the conspiracy, a sufficient answer to the questions conveyed in the act of accusation, they unanimously declared him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge; and condemned him to the penalty of death incurred by those crimes.

This sentence having been delivered, the president, Hulin, immediately gave notice to General Savary and the judge, that they might take the necessary measures for its execution, and himself drew up a statement, concluding in these words:

"The Commissioners having ordered the foregoing declaration to be read over to the accused, and having asked if he had anything to add in his defence, he replied he had nothing further to say.

"The president ordered the accused to retire. The council deliberating with closed doors, the president collected their votes, beginning with the lowest in rank, the president reserving his opinion till the last. The prince was unanimously declared guilty, and condemned to death.

"Ordered, that the present sentence be forthwith executed, under the direction of the judge, after having read it to the prisoner, in presence of the different detachments of the garrison.

"Done, sealed, and decreed, without rising of the court, at Vincennes, on the day, month, and year here subjoined, and signed.

"P. HULIN, &c. &c. &c."

"This day, 30th Ventôse, year XII of the Republic, 2 o'clock, A. M."

While the President Hulin was drawing up this sentence of condemnation, General Savary and the judge had concerted measures with Harel for its execution. The court and the esplanade being crowded with troops, it was resolved to conduct the prince to the moat of the castle, and for this purpose Harel received orders to give all the keys and necessary directions, as well as to send for a laborer to dig the grave intended for the condemned. A gardener named Bontemps, living in the castle, was sent for. Bontemps having de-

scended into the moat with his spade and pickaxe, thought, in order to save time, that he would make use of a hole which had been dug the day before, at the foot of the queen's pavilion, in the angle of a small wall, for the purpose of throwing in rubbish; and, in order to light himself, having placed a lantern with many candles, on the little wall, he finished digging the grave to a proper size. At the same time, General Savary ordered a picquet to be got ready for the execution, and gave directions to march down into the moat the different detachments of the garrison who were to be present.

The arrangements being thus completed, Harel returned to bring forth the prince. At the close of his examination, the Duke d'Enghien had been reconducted to his prison by Lieutenant Noirot, who, having learned in the interval, who the prisoner was, had made himself known to him as having formerly served in the regiment of Royal Navarre cavalry, and as having sometimes seen him at the house of the Count de Crussol, his colonel; reminding him also of some particular circumstances which occurred at that period.

The prince, who in the midst of the danger in which he stood preserved an entire presence of mind, conversed tranquilly with him, asked him what he had been doing since that time, what rank he now held, and whether he liked the service. While they were thus conversing, Harel entered, accompanied by Brigadier Aufort.

In a voice of emotion, although without announcing what was about to take place, Harel begged the prince to follow him, and, with a lantern in his hand, preceded him in the court and the different passages they had to cross. Lieutenant Noirot followed them, together with the *gend'armes*, and Brigadier Aufort. In this order they arrived at the Devil's Tower, which then, as at the present time, contained the only outlet to the ditches of the castle. The prince, seeing the narrow and crooked staircase by which it was necessary to descend, asked, "Where are you leading me? If it be to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would much rather die at once." "Sir," replied Harel, "have the goodness to follow me, and call up all your courage." When they reached the foot of the staircase, they followed the ditches for some time as far as the queen's pavilion, and having turned the angle of this pavilion, they found themselves in front of the troops, who were seen by the uncertain light of some lanterns. A party of them was detached, for the execution. At this moment a fine, cold rain was falling.

The adjutant who commanded the detachment advanced, holding in his hand the sentence of the military commission. On hearing that he was condemned to death, the prince remained for a moment silent; then addressing the group before him, he requested to know "whether any one there would render him a last service." Lieutenant Noirot approached him, and the prince having spoken to him in a low voice, "*Gend'armes*," said he, turning round, "has any one among you a pair of scissors?" Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the scissors were passed from hand to hand, and given to the prince. With them he cut off a lock of his hair, wrapped it in paper with a gold ring and a letter,* and entreated Lieutenant

Noirot to convey the packet to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort.

The duke then asked for a priest to confess him, but was told there was not one either in the castle or the village, and that it was impossible to send for one. Upon receiving this reply, he prepared to die, and recommended his soul to God. After a moment of secret prayer, the duke advanced a few steps; the party of soldiers placed themselves before him at the proper distance, and the adjutant having ordered them to fire, the prince fell motionless, pierced with many balls!

It was now about three in the morning. The body of the prince was carried, dressed just as it was, to the grave which had been prepared for him, and which was covered over again with earth a foot high. In one of his pockets was found the Journal to which we have referred, and which was sent to Bonaparte, together with the little packet intended for the princess, which Lieutenant Noirot felt it his duty to place in the hands of General Hulin.

All being now over, while General Savary was giving the necessary orders for the return of the troops to their barracks, the members of the commission, and Brunet, the commander of the squadron, returned immediately to Paris. The latter went to give an account of what had taken place to Murat. Murat, who was capable of appreciating courage, manifested, notwithstanding his conviction of the prince's guilt, strong emotion, and his wife, who was with him, shed tears. Little did he think, while he lamented the death of the Duke d'Enghien, that he should one day experience a similar fate himself! Shortly after the departure of the commissioners, General Savary and the troops departed, and Vincennes was again restored to its accustomed silence. Harel then wrote to the Minister R  al, an account of what had passed. After he had written this letter, and as soon as day began to dawn, he went to the *traiteur* who had supplied the prince's repast the evening before, to pay for it, and to relate the details of the important event which had taken place during the night.

In 1816, a commission was appointed to proceed to Vincennes, to disinter the body of the prince, in order to its being transferred to a chapel in the castle. They examined before them Jean Baptiste Blancpain, a retired brigadier of *gend'armerie*. He was ordered by General Savary to proceed from the barracks of the Celestines, Rue de Petit-Muse, near the Arsenal, to Vincennes, with the *gend'armerie* in which he served. Upon his arrival there he was placed in charge of a prisoner of great importance, who he since learned was the Duke d'Enghien, and was placed as sentinel at the top of the staircase of his apartment. He accompanied him twice to the Pavilion called De la Porte du Bois, in which the council of war was held. After the sentence, General Savary placed him in the foss under the bridge of the Porte du Bois, at the foot of which the execution took place. He was witness without, however, being able precisely to distinguish what passed, except that he heard General Savary (who stood on the outer side of the foss) twice or thrice repeat the order to Adjutant Pell to command the detachment to fire. There was no other light than that of a lantern with many candles, placed at some distance.

* The exact time when this letter was written is not known, nor what it contained. The probability is, that it was written between supper-time and his going to bed,

and that it conveyed to the princess the news of his arrival at Vincennes.

Immediately after the prince had fallen, the gend'armes approached the body, and carried it, dressed just as it was, into the foss prepared behind a wall of about five or six feet high, which served as a dépôt for rubbish. The grave was immediately closed. The prince was dressed in gray pantaloons, hussar boots, white neckcloth, having on his head a cap with a double gold band, which was immediately thrown into the foss. He had two watches, one of which only was brought away by a gend'arme to General Savary, the other was found with him, as well as the jewels which he had on his fingers, one of which was a brilliant.

After the following witnesses had been examined, viz., Bonnelet, who dug the grave; M. Godard, a cannonier of the 6th regiment of artillery, who supplied the pickaxes and shovels; and Madame Bon, schoolmistress to the children of Madame Harel, the Commissioners proceeded to dig up the grave. They discovered successively,

1st. A gold chain with his ring, which Chevalier Jacques recognized to be that constantly worn by the prince. This chain, and the little iron keys which accompanied the silver seal mentioned below, had been previously pointed out to us by Chevalier Jacques, the faithful companion in arms of the duke, who was confined with him in the citadel of Strasburg, and who was only separated from him when the prince was conveyed to Paris, because he was not permitted to accompany him.

2d. An earring: the other could not be found.

3d. A silver seal, with the arms of Condé entrusted in a mass, in which we recognized a small iron or steel key.

4th. A morocco leather purse, containing eleven gold pieces, and five of silver or copper.

5th. Seventy gold pieces, ducats, florins, and other coins, forming, apparently, part of those which had been remitted to him by Chevalier Jacques at the time of their separation, enclosed in rouleaus of red wax, of which some fragments were found.

They found also some fragments of his apparel, such as two boot-soles, and fragments of his cap, bearing still the impression of a ball which had pierced it. These remains, as well as the earth which surrounded them, were collected with the bones, and placed in a leaden coffin.

The coffin was soldered down and enclosed in one of wood, with this inscription on a brass plate, "Herein is enclosed the body of the high and mighty Prince, Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, Prince of the Blood, and Peer of France, who died at Vincennes, March 21st, 1804, aged 31 years, 9 months, 19 days."

THE MINISTER AND HIS FRIENDS.—No confidence can last which is not reciprocal. Sir Robert does not communicate with his supporters—does not prepare them—does not identify himself with them—does not stand by them—does not protect them—does not give them the smallest credit, or the smallest share in his successes, such as they are. On the contrary, every step in his course is their humiliation and confusion. He deals with them as with his most open enemies. He takes them by surprise at every turn. All his measures are *coups d'Etat*. He brings them into a defile, with the enemy in their front, and some dreadful extremity in the rear, so as to cut off all retreat, and then says, "I don't trust you; but you must fight, or be destroyed to a man." Whether confidence in so miscellaneous a body as the conservatives would not be wholly misplaced, if Sir Robert

did happen to feel it, is quite another question. He has no manner of right to bewail, deplore, deprecate, obsecrate, and so forth, when he finds them behaving precisely as he himself has all along treated them.—*Times*.

THE BENEVOLENT RUSTIC.*

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I HAVE no stain upon my mind—

Upon my name no ban—

I am the happiest of my kind,

A calm contented man.

I envy not the rich and great,

But pity much the poor;

And never penury doth wait

Unheeded at my door.

Mean my repasts, but very sweet,

Enjoy'd with grateful zest;

While, O! my bed is a retreat

Which sleep would choose for rest.

The soaring lark springs not more blithe

To hail Apollo's rays,

Than I, with limb and sinew lithe,

Arise, for work and praise.

To labor on till set of sun,

Unwearied even then;

Yea, when my daily task is done,

I can aid weaker men.

What more could gold bestow on me?

Or empty-sounding names?

Temptation to iniquity,

And thousand blushing shames!

I've not a want—I've even more

Than asks necessity,

And often from my garner'd store

A prodigal can be.

When the pale widow only looks

The need she cannot speak,

While tears, like gushing water-brooks,

Course down her hollow cheek;

Or, when the grief-snubb'd orphan-boy,

In sobbing anguish'd tone,

(At that sweet winsome age when joy

Should thrill his heart alone,)

Tells how his mother and himself

Nor food nor firing have,

I load the pretty wond'ring elf

With more than he doth crave.

If thou would'st know a bliss indeed,

Oh! mark the glad surprise

(When Charity assists its need)

Illumine Famine's eyes!

Though thus I give her handsel free

To all within my ken,

I ever feel most signally

I am blest among men.

My little garden-plot ne'er fails,

My corn-swath still is doubled,

And, then, my body never ails,

My soul is never troubled.

It is but LENDING to the Lord

What to the poor is GIVEN;

On earth what Pity can afford

Bears INTEREST in heaven!—*Metropolitan*.

* Literally the language of an old cottager to me, when wondering at his contentment.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.—A BALLAD.

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James' bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decay'd
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Earl Douglas walked the deck,
And oh, his brow was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle van.—

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou knowest the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day,
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away:

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dream'd a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,
Snow-white his scatter'd hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears.

"Why go ye forth, Lord James," he said,
"With spear and belted brand?
Why do ye take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?"

"The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

"But 't is not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

"Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

"And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow,
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!"

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'T is mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle front, Lord James,
'T is ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sail'd, and aye we sail'd,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And Pedro, king of Arragon,
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside,
From the Cross in jeopardy!"

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight
Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith ye come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I call'd,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
That died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The king has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!"

"I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honor'd may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!—
"There is not one of all my men
But is as bold as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then onwards! Scottish gentlemen,
And think—King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down,
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker, grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses rear'd amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou were wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!"

"There lies beside his master's heart
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretch'd before me there.

"O Bothwell banks! that bloom so bright,
Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

"And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain;
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back into our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallow'd earth,
Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

The king he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart he bore,
And heavily we steer'd our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hush'd as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid the Earl in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

How many there are who sing and dream
Of happier seasons coming,
And ever is fancy, to catch a beam
Of a Golden Era, roaming.
The world may grow old—and young again—
And the hope of a better shall still remain.

Hope comes with life at its dawning hour;
Hope sports with the infant creeper;
Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power,
And when, too, the gray-haired weeper
Has closed in the grave his weary round,
He plants the tree of hope on the mound.

It is not an empty, vain deceit,
In the brains of fools created;
It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,
Where its longings shall all be sated.
And the promise the in-dwelling voice thus makes
To the hoping soul—it never breaks.

From the Examiner.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress: illustrated by Henry Selous, Esq. Edited by the Secretaries of the London Art-Union. Holloway.

HONEST John Bunyan, whose immortal work has been a subject for every vile draughtsman to try his hand upon, who has unwittingly been the cause of every kind of outrage to drawing and perspective, has here found a gentleman to treat him with artist-like reverence, and turn over his pages in the spirit of German *Fantasie*.

Mr. Selous has drank deeply of the inspirations of Retsch. He has dwelt on the inimitable *Faust* till its figures have made themselves a world, and its men angels, and devils have become familiar friends. And in this artificial region he has seen Christian wonder, meeting with Retsch fiends, shocked at Retsch vices, and fighting Retsch battles! And John Bunyan and Goethe, two very different personages, are blended into one.

Mr. Selous having thus chosen his school, has so inured himself to its discipline, that he moves himself quite freely in it, and with somewhat of a gigantic boldness. He takes a large view of his subjects, well considers their capacity, and in filling up the sketch of the old Puritan sets his fancy vigorously at work. The varied hubbub of Vanity Fair, the evil-looking mirth of the mob, the voluptuous, well-drawn shapes of the women, form a most creditable reproduction of the Walpurgis night. The devils that appear to the man who beholds the Vision of the Last Day, dart forward with the bestial ferocity that characterizes the Fight over the Grave of Faust. It is not mere imitation, but the congenial spirit. Some of the conceptions which less remind us of the great German master, are likewise fine. There is an idea of the gigantic in a great measure the artist's own, if it be not somewhat Flaxmanish. The Slough of Despond, with the large figure of "Despond" (we have as much right to make it a substantive as John Bunyan) in the background, her long despairing hair streaming down into the marsh, is a touch of the sublime.

We have said enough to show that we think the modern reader ought to like this illustrated edition of Bunyan. A question suggests itself of very little practical importance, but does suggest itself notwithstanding: How would John Bunyan himself have liked the new book? Verily we believe he would have cast a cold glance at the roysterers at Vanity Fair and their fascinating dames, and suspected they were not his progeny. We doubt not thy imagination nor thy sincerity, honest John, but thy aesthetics in plastic art were not, we opine, very much extended.

At the beginning of the book some specimens are given of the wood-cuts of a very early edition, with figures emulous of the bellman's bill, and perspective on the principle of a Chinese plate. Would'st thou not have turned a longing eye, John Bunyan, to these quaint barbarities, and secretly wished they took the place of Mr. Selous' artistical outlines? "Yes, Jack, upon instinct."

A brief but well-written memoir of Bunyan is prefixed by Mr. Godwin; and a careful and not uninteresting bibliographical notice of the various editions of the tale, by Mr. Pocock. The illustrations themselves, as the reader is perhaps aware, obtained a premium offered for the patronage of design by the Art-Union.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of Life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the *Present* I cling to the *Past*.
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears
From the shadows of things that had long since fled,
Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed e'er manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood left;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!
And I—a lone exile—remembered by none;
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun.
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With the scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown and the base man's fears—
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tears;
And malice and meanness—and falseness and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed;
With the death-fraught fire-lock in my hand—
The only law of a desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath scarcely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,
Which the sucker and lizard inhabit alone—
With the twilight bat from the yawny stone
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root:
Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink.

A region of drouth where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living light or sound.

And here, while the night winds around me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit afar by the desert stone,
Like Elijah by Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying—"MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."

Pringle.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF THE PEEL GOVERNMENT.

The Tory Protectionists say, that it has doubly disappointed them; for that, instead of their making a tool of Peel, as they fully intended when they brought him into power, he has made a tool of them: and for their part they are now of opinion, that the best thing they can do is to turn him out, let in the Melbourne Whigs, and go back to that state of things in which the Conservatives used to conserve "old abuses," as the Liberals termed them, by means of a "Liberal" government truckling to the Tory opposition.

The great Melbourne Whigs say, that, like every other government but their own, it is one which of course they should much like to turn out; but that, though it may perhaps be turned out by means of combinations between themselves and the thorough-going Protectionists, yet, alas! they can't see their way to taking its place with any chance of staying there.

The ex-underling Melbourne Whigs say, that if possible, it ought to be upset anyhow to the end that they may get into Downing street again; for that (and they appeal to the past) it is very hard to turn anybody out of Downing street who will make every sacrifice in order to stay there.

The Leaguers say, that it is just now a surprising government to them, as having been saved the other day by themselves alone; and that they intend to support it on the free-trade principle against any combinations founded on the joint principles of revenge and want of place.

O'Connell says, that it suits him, since he enjoys under it more influence and far more money than ever; and that if its only method of pacifying Ireland is sending him to prison, he hopes it may probably last his time.

The Chartists say, that they like it better than the Whig government, because it has never cheated them with false promises of happiness for their class to be produced by the Reform bill, and has never sent any of them to prison; but that they bide their time.

The inarticulate peasantry censure it with fire.

The "white slaves"* of competition—the helpless women and children in the factories—condemn it with sighs and wailing.

The colonial and colonizing public say, that it is the worst they remember, as being the most Stephen-ridden.

Mr. Mazzini says, that it puts him in mind of the rascally governments of his own country.

"Tommy" Duncombe says, that he likes it, because it continually gives him opportunities of showing it up to the advantage of his own popularity.

Coningsby spits upon it and sells.

A large proportion of the press in town and country, speaks evil of it. Among London papers, the Standard and Morning Herald alone say what they can for it; whilst the Tory Post fiercely denounces it.

The Times says that it is not yet crippled enough to be attacked every day with satisfaction to the Great Public; but that most people are growing careless about it, and therefore find sport in seeing it get sharp kicks every other day; which sport for most people the Times provides, in the due quantity according to demand.

* Standard, *passim*.

The Spectator says, as heretofore, not that it is the best of governments, but that it is the best government possible under present circumstances—nay more, the only possible government; and that as we cannot have any other, our wisest course is to make the best of it. But the Spectator adds, that it is a government surrounded with difficulties which threaten its destruction, (come what may afterwards,) unless it speedily take a more comprehensive and bolder view of the *difficulties of the country*, than during this and the last session it has appeared capable of taking. In 1842, it was strong in the momentum of the large measures which it had the sagacity and courage to propose. In 1843, it stood still; it seemed to have no impulse: it lost its hold on the public imagination by ceasing to be original—by becoming commonplace, or merely place-holding. This year again, it does things by halves or quarters; puts O'Connell in prison, but is afraid to touch the social ills of Ireland—takes up the sugar question, but wants boldness to deal with it as a whole—affects law reform, but disgusts law reformers—and so on with regard to all manner of subjects—till at last it is no longer respected. It is not, indeed, despised, as the Melbourne government was long before its fall; but there is a growing resemblance in the Peel government to that which it superseded; and this accounts for its being so weak as to be liable to injury from such enmity as M. D'Israeli's, and to be turned out on such a question as a difference of four shillings the hundred weight on a fraction of imported sugar.—Spectator.

'T IS PAST—THE FOND—THE FLEETING DREAM.

'T is past—the fond—the fleeting dream
Of love and hope is o'er,
And darkly steals life's troubled stream
Unto the silent shore.
But still this broken heart of mine
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine
Till it is laid at rest with thine,
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot
In some far desert placed;
To me each scene where thou art not
Is but a joyless waste.
Where all around is bright and fair
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest!

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me her charms are vain;
The heart that once hath loved like mine
Can never love again.
The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are pass'd by me unheeded by;
And where thy ruin'd relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath sever'd been
Since thou hast ceased to be;
Our hearts the grave hath closed between,
And what remains for me
In this dark pilgrimage below?
A vain regret—a cherished woe—
And tears that cannot cease to flow
Whene'er I think of thee.

London Mag.

From the Spectator

THOUGHTS ON BEING SENT FOR.

A most interesting exhibition of Mesmerism took place yesterday, at Dr. Elliotson's in Conduit Street. A numerous company of the Doctor's friends assembled to witness this surprising display of *clairvoyance*. The French youth Alexis was easily thrown into the mesmeric state; when the worthy doctor addressed him thus—"Now, Alexis, the company wish to know the *pensée dominante* of several persons on the subject of being sent for. You know what 'sent for' means?" [Alexis nodded.] "I shall mention separately the name of each of those whose thoughts the company wishes to know; and I beg, that when any name is mentioned, you will tell us the person's thought, not in words of your own, but in the words used by the thinker when speaking, or rather thinking, to himself. Do you understand me?" Alexis nodded again, and smiled intelligence: whereupon the exhibition proceeded; the names being given by Dr. Elliotson in a tone of interrogation, and the thoughts delivered by the mesmerized youth in the form of answers to questions.

Sir Robert Peel!—Well, if Gladstone and I had resigned t'other Sunday—if Albert had not persuaded me to stay where I am for the present, on account of her Majesty's interesting situation—I must have been sent for again before long. Yes; for Stanley was to have been premier of what they call a "really conservative" government; Stanley, whose powers of speech, like the powers of touch in the girl at Boston described by Dickens, have absorbed all the other faculties. As she can neither smell, hear, see, nor speak, but is a wonderful feeler, so in Stanley, knowledge, sense, temper, and judgment, are swallowed up by the gift of the gab. My successor—the leader, in these times of difficulty for any conservative party, of the party which I alone formed, or could have formed—was to have been one who talks so fast, that he has never said what anybody thinks it worth while to remember; who, though he talks so big, has never *done* anything but get into scrapes; who, though he talks so bravely, never faces a difficulty, but invariably slinks or shuffles out of the troubles into which his rashness leads him; whose incapacity for action and business is such that I could not put him into any office but that of the Colonies, where responsibility is nominal; who is not master of his own tongue, but its slave; whose only delight is in contention, though he never stands up to a resolute opponent; who tramples on the feeble and timid, but avoids the strong and brave; and who, (this for Young England,) whatever may be thought of our respective manners, is less of a gentleman at heart than the cotton-spinner's son. What a capital prime minister for such a party as ours in such times as these! I should like to see him try. Perhaps, (who can tell?) if the D'Israeli rebellion should be renewed—if there should be any more *Morning Post* work in the House of Commons—I may take the pleasure of seeing him try. Shall I let him be sent for? He and the party would get on famously for a while; what unanimity, what brave talking, what cheering there would be! And I, the squeezed and castaway *orange-peel*, as they would call me, should have to support "my noble friend"—to help him on his way to the time for decision, judgment, action—

and an exhibition of hopeless incapacity. I've more than half a mind to let him be sent for.

Lord Stanley!—What do I think about being sent for? I hate thinking. Some say I can't think. But can't I speak? Or rather, I could speak if Peel would let me. But at present I am gagged; and my position is so intolerable, that I do—yes—upon the whole, though a prime minister has something more to do, I fear, than lash his opponents, still, speaking does tell so in this country and that House of Commons, that, notwithstanding I know what about myself, I do wish to be sent for.

Lord Melbourne!—Johnny is a puppy for thinking that he will be sent for, and still more for saying that I can't be sent for. I'll go, if I am sent for, let me tell you, master Johnny; and then perhaps I shan't send for you, my boy, d—— clever as you think yourself. Why the d—— should n't I be sent for? By G—, I'll write to Vickey, and tell her to be sure and send for me. Palmerston shall be my leader of the House of Commons—not that puppy Johnny; and though I dislike war with France or the Yankees, we'll have either or both rather than let Peel be sent for again.

Lord John Russell!—If I should be sent for, I wonder how on earth I shall manage to avoid offering the foreign seals to Palmerston. But would that this were my only difficulty! There's that Howick, with his opinions about the necessity of legislating for the working-classes as they would legislate if they had sense and power to take care of themselves. There's the league, which, though it has now made all its converts, may, for that very reason, be driven to sympathize with the common people instead of going for nought but higher profits; in which case, it would carry total repeal in no time. There's Chartism, which, I fear me, will never, never shake hands with the whigs. There's O'Connell, whose people won't now give up Repeal, whatever he might be ready to do for a good share of the loaves and fishes. There's the fifty-pound tenant-at-will clause of our glorious Reform Bill. There's the recollection of my Finality, and all the years during which the *Examiner* used to say that we should "ripen the pear" by "bombarding the Lords with good measures" for rejection. There's—oh, dear! I shall never have done—I must n't think of being sent for.

Lord Ashley!—Sent for? No, not yet; perhaps never. No, no; I deliberately sacrificed office to the Factory children: that's one sacrifice. I could command office by sympathizing with the peasantry as well as the operatives; but I don't sympathize with the peasantry: there's another sacrifice. Then, besides, thinking of the corn-laws; how can a man who goes on principles of humanity, and sees the cause of national ills to be universal competition, defend the corn-laws without humbling inconsistency? To be sure, I don't warmly defend the corn-laws: but then I don't oppose them; which comes to nearly the same thing. No; I shan't be sent for.

Mr. Cobden!—Sent for? me sent for! as some of our paid lecturers pretend to think likely; no, no; I know myself and my position better than to swallow that bought flattery. In the first place, I am conscious that my own dear middle-class, for whose sole benefit I instituted the League, consider one of ourselves—that is, any one who has himself been in business—as wholly unfit for office.

To obtain their suffrages, one's father may have been in trade, but not oneself; and then they do so love a lord! No, no; I must fulfil my destiny—which is to raise profits by means of free trade, and make a great fortune, like Peel's father, out of cheap labor. Perhaps my son may be sent for.

[Here Dr. Elliotson announced that Alexis was fatigued, but would go on with his *clairvoyance* another day. We shall not fail to report the future proceedings.]

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

ALMOST thirty years have elapsed since the battle of Waterloo, and yet the table of the Duke of Wellington on Tuesday last seemed scarcely less crowded with his gallant associates in arms than at his first festal celebration of the anniversary. Some gaps there are, but few compared with what might have been anticipated among such a numerous circle of men, who on the day of battle had attained to high rank in the army. A fanciful mind might suppose that death had lost hope of cutting short prematurely any man who had outlived such a hot fight, and left them unassailed to live out the full span of human life.

Without disrespect to the gallant veterans, the most interesting feature of these annual banquets is, that each marks the addition of another year to an unprecedented continuance of general peace throughout Europe. They took part in the closing struggle of the last European war. More than half of the existing population of the country have been born since there was a war in Europe deserving the name: these old fighting-men have almost come to belong to a past generation. They are relics of a fighting era preserved in an era of peace. Make much of them, for it is to be hoped that their place may not be easily supplied; that the warlike of our day, if they are to gratify their instinctive taste, must do so in remote regions; that Europe may continue a Goshen in which there is light even when the cloud of war darkens with a worse than Egyptian darkness other lands.

This wish is not so selfish as it may at first appear to be. It implies something more than a mere desire that fighting may be kept from our own doors. It aspires to the maintenance of peace in the centre of civilization so long that peace shall become its chronic state; that the natural and necessary struggles of its sons shall be to establish wherever they go that peace which they have left behind them in their native homes. As our religion radiated on all sides from Jerusalem, as science was diffused to all nations from Greece, as the laws of the central city of Rome interpenetrated those of every other nation, so peace, if it can be established as the normal condition in Europe, will spread from that centre to all ends of the earth.

It has been remarked that Wellington and Soult are the two most pacific statesmen of the day. This is less characteristic of the individuals than of their trade. The soldier by profession, as he is the most efficient, so is he the least addicted to fight for fighting's sake. He is no amateur, morbidly anxious to show off his cleverness, but one who prides himself in his art only in so far as he is able to work out results by it. Dilettanti soldiers, like dilettanti lawyers and physicians, are your

great makers of mischief. Your Aucklands and Ellenboroughs, not your Hardinges, peril the peace of India. Independently of the personal character of the professional soldier, there is something in the mere existence of large standing armies maintained by large states calculated to preserve peace. Nothing tends so much to keep men quiet as the consciousness that their neighbors are as strong as themselves. With all their vamping, the French prefer a war with Abd-el-Kader to a war against England; and, no insinuation against the stoutness of John Bull, he is better pleased to have to lick the Chinese than to require to measure himself against France or Russia. Little states, too, are more quarrelsome than great ones: the former rush into war with the precipitancy of private individuals; the ministers responsible for the safety of a mighty empire are more wary. It was and perhaps still is a favorite theory of some, that the preservation of a number of small states stuck in among big ones was conducive to the peace and stability of Europe—"preserved the balance of power;" whereas in truth the little states were but objects for the big ones to quarrel about—handfuls of nuts scattered among the human monkeys to set them together by the ears. The notion that the possession of a large army necessarily tempts a state to engage in war, belongs to the same class of respectable old fallacies—inapplicable where there are neighbors with armies equally powerful. The consolidation of Europe into large states, and the maintenance of respectable armies by these states, are no bad guarantees for the continuance of peace.

Nor is a standing army, in a nation sufficiently civilized to be capable of a constitutional government, less a guarantee for civil liberty. The professional soldier, like the professional lawyer, aims at distinction in his profession, and is less accessible to the impulses of irregular ambition. A strong army, in its right place, keeps peace by its mere existence. A feudal army gave undue power to the barons, and the army with which Cromwell put down the Parliament, was self-raised, self-organized, and in no small degree self-supported. The exercise of the police is in extreme cases more safely intrusted to the regular soldier than to the yeoman. The armies of Europe, like the states of civilized Europe, have constitutions of their own. The organization of the army is traditional; men become soldiers by being adopted into it, and must work in and according to the laws of the element into which they are received. The modern soldier is powerful only as a part of a whole. We have to deal with armies of which the constitution is known, and its operation regular—not with individuals whose wills and dispositions are wayward and less easily conjectured. Even the so-called self-taught soldiers of the French revolution only became what they were by their aptitude in catching the traditions of the army. Standing armies on the footing of our own afford security against king-making Warwicks on the one hand, and Cromwells on the other. They are no mean guarantees for that settled order which is the best security for personal liberty.

These are the associations which lend lustre to the Waterloo banquets—the high festivals of the leaders of an army equal in discipline and superior in its morale to any in Europe.—*Spectator*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAPE TOWN.—[From *Sam Sly's African Journal*.]—The first impression that struck us most on landing was the firm footing, after so long a voyage. The next was the glare and heat of the sun, and in November. Then the number of black faces and hands, and shoeless feet, or "Images of God cut in ebony," that bespoke an African soil, when in England we had only been accustomed to see a straggler now and then, out of his element at the roadside sunning himself as well as he could, near a wall, or begging, or in the hall of some retired Bengal Indian, behind a carriage, or flourishing the drum-sticks over the big drum in St. James' Park. The old jetty had an interesting appearance, what with the number of wooden houses or "lockers," the busy hum and bustle of arrivals and departures, of boats, wagons, and coolies, the castle and its mud walls, and the moat around, and the little white tower on the ramparts. The houses (whilst threading the street for a domicile,) had to us a curious effect; they seemed so short and dwarfish to those we had been accustomed to, and looked, with their flat roofs, as though the tops had been blown off. It was singular to observe such a liberal display of whitewash and green paint—to see so many small panes and quaint devices over windows and doors, and so many lamps or lanterns, but neither burning oil, candle, or gas. It seemed odd to find so many "stoeps," or raised promenades to every house, and no pavement for the many, and so few shop-windows. We were much amused at the incessant and universal crowing of cocks, in every direction, and at the uncommon quantity of cars, blinking in the sun, of every description—not two alike—and none of a decided character, but all mixed and all mongrel—too idle and cowardly to fly at you, and too suspicious to wag their tails and make your acquaintance. It was strange to see so many heads in red kerchiefs and conical-shaped straw hats like funnels, or inverted whipping-tops—to see such a number of Malay boys like little old men cut short, in the full complement of habiliments with their grandfathers. To see twenty oxen in one rudely-constructed wagon, with little or nothing in it, and a mere gipsy's tent at the end, or like an elephant linked to a mouse. It was charming to find so many shady oaks along the streets. It was quite delightful to breathe so pure an atmosphere, to see hedges of roses and myrtles, and the same of aloes, an inch of which is an exhibition in a flower-pot, in our grandmother's conservatories in England, and preserved to see if "it does blow once in a hundred years," and to find *real* oranges growing on the trees without the aid of glass. It was strange to find uncovered ditches running up the principal streets, to hear no bells or music, and to mark the apathy and indifference of every one, in so bright a region. It was queer to perceive so many women and girls, squatting on their haunches at doorways, with nothing to do, and labor so much in request. It was laughable to see gentlemen and giants on horseback in green veils, and others on foot all in white in November, like a miller powdered with his own flour. It was rare to find a lady walking, or hear a bird whistle, or scent a sweet flower, or meet with a drop of cream, or taste a good cheese, or a good loaf and not gritty, or a leg of mutton with too much gravy, or a glass of good "home brewed," or find too many windows cleaned, or a bow window, or a finger-post, or the sign of the "Spread Eagle," the "Bricklayers'

Arms," or the "Elephant and Castle." It was difficult to find a raspberry-tart, or a gooseberry-pie, or a damson cheese, or a glass of cold water, or one person speak of another. It was miserable to face a south-easter in the Keizersgracht, with your nose pointing to the castle, and your journey lying over Caledon-square—and somewhat warm the next day after it had subsided. It was charming to see picturesque spots by moonlight, and sit on the jetty before "gun-fire," and mark the bold outlines of that "Table" known and read of all men. In truth, these "first impressions" are not easily forgotten, and it is worth a long journey to be made sensible of them, and to luxuriate in the sweetness and purity of the atmosphere.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE EAGLE.

Down from that peak superb,
The Right's granite brow,
I look'd upon the world;
No life in beast or herb
But lay afar below,
A distant scroll unfurl'd—
A microcosmic show
Of forest, lake, and glacier high,
Mimicking rich embroidery.

And there I stood alone
Above all living things;
My heart exulting beat,
My soul in haughty tone,
Felt borne on deathless wings
To some superior state,
From earth forever flown—
As if my mortal foot were free
To tread a bright eternity

Vain sense of feeble man!
A thousand fathoms higher,
In the warm eye of day,
Sailing along the wild gale's van,
Swift as a star-shot fire,
An eagle wing'd his way,
After his own desire,
Along the boundless realms of light,
That to my view were infinite.

Lord of unbounded air,
His fiery eye shone down
On the cold Alps below,
Whence I survey'd him there
In his own power alone.
He knew, or seemed to know,
How vain my feelings were,
As steering through the heavens high
He saw my mock sublimity.

I watch'd him on his flight,
The courier of the sky,
Now wheel ten thousand feet,
Now scale a starry height,
Now falling rapidly,
On wings than thought more fleet,
Baffle my dizzy sight,
Monarch of all the blue serene,
Where man's vain march had never been.

I found how sight had err'd,
Trying the realm of space;
I thought upon the spheres,
And how the kingly bird
Wing'd but a little race
To that each orb careers
With flight unseen, unheard—
I thought how little sense can see
Where spirits' wing expatiates free!

From the Athenæum.

German Experiences; addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home and Goers Abroad. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Longman & Co.

HERE is a volume to make those smile who remember the first German experiences of the Howitts,—who recollect how, seen through the medium of warm hearts and imaginations prepared to admire by a loving study of the literature, the people were described in "Which is the Wiser,"—as

Virtuousest, wisest, discreetest, best,—

and their social life as the perfection of truth, innocence, and intellectual enjoyment. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extremity of the arc. We do not mean to dispute the facts adduced by Mr. Howitt: some we can warrant from personal experience, some on the testimony of others long resident in the country—but they are given without the palliations and accessories which suggest themselves to a more dispassionate observer. The book, therefore, is rather the work of a partisan than of the philosopher. Further, it seems to us, that as far as location, society, &c. are concerned, it should have been entitled "*Heidelberg Experiences*." As such, however, it has its merits; and contains consolatory proof that Mr. Howitt's German experiences have not spoiled his English style.

The difficulties of the out journey—supposing the party emigrating goes by the Rhine—are fairly described,—save that, we think, our author condemns too severely the people of the Rhineland, on account of the activity of one or two Cologne thieves and the sins of the Ludwig steamer. We have often visited that district, but observed only the usual rapacity of a people spoiled—and not so much as our author declares—by the demoralizing influences consequent on the exactions and extravagance of vulgar tourists. The Rhinelanders are not more corrupt than the Swiss, or the people among the Cumberland lakes;—while, as regards the cheater and clannishness to which the stranger is exposed; the double faces and the double prices, and the resolution of residents of a better class not to unbind his eyes—we believe few English who have resided in Wales, North or South, could not match the tale. There is one advantage, which the traveller in Prussia enjoys, not touched upon by Mr. Howitt—namely, having all his road and hotel expenses settled by a government tariff to which he can appeal. When he was declaiming so loudly against German imposition, Prussian state-education, and Prussian police-systems, he should have adverted to this very substantial aid to the stranger, if not the resident.

Upon lodging-house keepers (especially of the genteel class) our author is somewhat unmerciful. What says "Boz," touching such characters in this free metropolis of ours? Have we not our Mrs. Bardells? and other leaner phantoms of the

species, with their ghastly, mechanical civilities, their false curls and their false keys;—whose whole occupation is "putting the screw" on their inmates, especially if the latter be too idle, or too preoccupied to resist! Certainly, the Heidelberg dame, here described, was a first-class practitioner; but we believe her to have been a woman of the world "of rooms to let," and not of Germany alone! As to the narrow, self-engrossed life of the Heidelberg professors, and the too homely virtue of their wives, these are "pencilings" on which we are unable to oppose experience by experience. Our author writes shrewdly and wisely on the subject of education; with a touch of bitterness, however, which is explained by certain allusions to a domestic bereavement. We will rather exhibit him when looking on the bright side of German life:—

"What now, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motive but to see the truth and spread it, especially in our own beloved country? He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept, by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities, or small towns, everything done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town-walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding by their elevation the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of city or town is encircled by them. Thus, the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat and dust and hurry of the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and yet soothing scenes in the streets below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields and hills around. It is delightful to see on fine days the grayheaded fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks beneath their favorite limes, and enjoying their chat together over old times, while within a few steps of home their eyes can still wander over those distant scenes whither their feet no longer can carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up, but its gardens and its very walls and courts and fosses, are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place is made the favorite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee-house or casino is sure to be found; and there beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshment, while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight. He sees all

sorts of gardens, even to the royal ones, and all sorts of estates, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and forests all open to the foot and spirit of the delighted lover of nature and of solitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all. There are no operas there with boxes let at £300 per annum, with seats in the pit at half-a-guinea each. Twenty-pence is the price of gentility itself; and for five-pence may be heard, and in a good place, the finest operas performed by the finest singers in the country. For fourpence may be attended the finest out-of-door concerts of Strauss or Lanner, in the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school and university, kept within the reach of all, for the free use of all; and the school so systematized as to answer the various requirements of every varied class or profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the churches open and free to one man as well as another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting-place of the common family before the common Father. He sees no church-rates imposed on stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution, left to the voluntary attender of divine service. He sees musical and singing societies encouraged amongst the people, where the working classes, when the labors of the day are done, can meet and enjoy a refining treat. He sees these civilizing and refining influences extended over the open-air enjoyments of the Sundays and holidays of the common people in city and country."

Mr. Howitt is, also, judicious in his warm advocacy of the inexpensive simplicity of German funerals—and we will join his ridicule at the stupefying bead-roll of titles which the land affords—making social parlance so difficult to any traveller, whose motto is, like Addison's Sir Trusty's,—

Let me appear, my liege, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

Our author defends, once more, though less triumphantly than when assisted by Dr. Cornelius, the absurdities of the Burschen life. He points out the "lame and impotent conclusions" of the students' be-sung and be-drunken freedom—when those wild youths sink down into the stagnation of official routine, or subside into the mill-horse activity of commercial life. He denounces the paper system of conducting public business. He shows how underneath all these "crossed and plaited bands," a spirit of plain-speaking dissatisfaction is spreading: incorporating into this portion of his work, the papers on "the Living Political Poets of Germany," which appeared in this journal, and concludes, somewhat inconclusively, with an enthusiastic denunciation of all government plans of education, because, in Germany, such have been, and are, turned to the enthralment of the popular mind and will.

"THE FORLORN HOPE."—Almost as we were going to press we received a new tale, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, under the title of "The Forlorn Hope." It is written, we understand, with the benevolent view of aiding the funds for the erection of a Consumption Hospital at Chelsea, and is intended to be sold at the bazaar or fancy fair, to be held there next week. In its externals it is a superb trifle.

The wood engravings are gems of the art, the illuminated title extremely elegant and well designed, and all the accessories of binding and printing in choice taste. The story itself has been written, we should judge, under the influence of those strong and pure feelings of humanity which are always so amiable whatever shape they take, but which have irresistible power over soul and thought when united with high imagination and a graceful and poetic style. We pretend to give no description of this charming fragment—it is a mere incident of every-day life, plain and simple, but so touching and pathetic, and so naturally told, that the sympathy of the reader follows every line. The object is to show the advantages that may result from the establishment and liberal support of the hospital—the mass of human misery it may relieve—the frail frames it may strengthen—the despairing hearts it may revive. We shall be mistaken if the lesson it so unaffectedly, but impressively, teaches does not sink deep into the public mind, and help to procure for this most desirable and excellent charity the support of all who are really anxious to ameliorate the pains of humanity, and to provide, so far as skill and care can be effectual for such a purpose, a remedy against that scourge of domestic life in England—that pestilence that comes to darken with its shadow so many happy hearths, and rifle of its joys so many peaceful homes—Consumption. Mrs. Hall has taken a warm interest in promoting the cause of this charity from the instant it was projected. She could scarcely give more efficient aid to it than in thus devoting her time and talents to its advocacy, in a way which must be equally productive of pleasure to the reading public and of solid advantage to the institution.—*Britannia.*

"PRESS ON."

This is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration, and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this,—under all difficulties and discouragements, "PRESS ON!" It solves the problem of all heroes, it is the rule by which to weigh rightly all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old and young, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called.

"PRESS ON!" Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, "PRESS ON!"

If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings and left thee, do not weep thy life away; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and give up all as lost; but stir thyself and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but "PRESS ON!" find others; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but press on; a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world hath lost its poetry and beauty; 't is not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty by a brave, a true, and, above all, a *religious* life.

From the Christian Observer.

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

If Milton felt that by blindness knowledge is "at one entrance quite shut out;" and if deafness closes another inlet; and when connected, as it often is, with dumbness—(not from any defect in the organs of speech, but from inability to hear, and consequently to imitate, sounds)—prevents communicating as well as receiving ideas; how surpassingly melancholy must be the condition of blind deaf mutes. The deaf and dumb can read; and their eyes serve them in good stead in their intercourse with the external world; they can see their friends, work at their employment, observe every passing scene, and become wise, learned, and scientific; and if they love God they have the treasures of his word, to which they may have constant access. The privations of the blind are far greater; yet even they can hear the voice of friendship; and by the constant interchange of thought, acquire much both of temporal and spiritual wisdom. But when the three afflictions are united, the calamity is great, far beyond what an unreflecting person would imagine; for no idea can be conveyed to such a person (except of odors) but by the sense of feeling; and how is that sense to convey the notion of anything that the eye sees, or the ear hears, or the heart conceives, including spiritual objects, and those blessed promises which God has made to them that love him? The sufferer, if his affliction has existed from infancy or early childhood, can have scarcely anything to reflect upon; his mind must be a dark and dreary blank.

We are led to these remarks by having perused in the last Report of the Ulster Society for educating the deaf and dumb, and the blind, some account of a boy in that institution who labored under these three united afflictions. There are not many such cases upon record; partly, we may hope, because they are not numerous; but partly also because the sufferer has probably been usually given up to hopeless idiocy, and allowed to vegetate in a corner unknown to the world. Two remarkable instances occur to us: the case of James Mitchell at Edinburgh; and that of Laura Bridgman of New Hampshire, who was lately a pupil, and we suppose still is, in the Blind Asylum at Boston, Massachusetts.

Of the boy Mitchell an interesting account was published by Dugald Stewart; and our readers are probably acquainted with it, or can procure access to it. But the case of Laura Bridgman is not so generally known to them, and it is far more interesting than that of Mitchell, or any other on record. We will therefore give the substance of the account as related by Dr. Howe, of Boston, to a gentleman in Ireland, who has printed it, devoting the profits for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, and the blind; and we shall be glad if our notice of it shall aid his benevolent object.

But we must first mention the case of the boy Michael Connelly, in the Belfast Institution. He was a native of Drumsnat, in the county of Monaghan, and was born deaf. When nine years old, a spark from a lighted piece of wood, while he was playing at the fireplace, destroyed the sight of one eye; and a cataract soon afterward forming upon the other, he became totally blind. He was twelve years of age when he was brought to the Institution by his mother, in February, 1833. She remained during three days to accustom him gradually to the separation which was to take place; after which he appeared quite satisfied to be left to the companionship of the pupils, and for their society he soon evinced a deep interest, as they were very affectionate in their conduct towards him. They perceived that his lot was much more severe than their own, and gave proof of tender pity for his sad condition. His eyes were subjected to a surgical examination by the most skillful of the faculty; and as there seemed to be a ray of hope that the sight of one eye might be restored, and as something might be gained and nothing lost by performing an operation, it seemed to the committee right to allow the eminent surgeons in attendance to take the responsibility of making the attempt. Till the result of this should be decided, no steps were taken to engage a special teacher. Meanwhile everything that skill and kindness could suggest was attended to in the preliminary treatment; but the poor fellow suddenly sickened of fever, and died before any operation was performed.

His education having scarcely commenced, there is not much recorded respecting him; but we will give the chief particulars.

21st Feb.—The schoolroom affords Michael much amusement,—all the pupils are already much attached to him,—some of his particular favorites take him to the fly-ropes in the play-ground,—he holds the handle as firmly as any of his playmates, and the swinging round the pole fills him with delight—he makes no signs for his return home, or for his parents. He is particularly fond of smelling pleasant odors. Some ladies who have visited the schools have occasionally given him flowers, small quantities of lavender water, and smelling salts, with which he has been well pleased, and he has taken great care not to break the bottles which contained the essence. He remembers the uses of many articles which have been put into his hands to feel. He has learned a few simple signs by being with the deaf and dumb pupils, who are very persevering in their endeavors to make him understand their wishes,—to them the task is quite an amusement. His knowledge of natural signs is very imperfect, which renders it sometimes difficult to know his wants.

1st March.—General D'Aguilar called in full dress to see Michael, and remained for a considerable time amusing the poor boy. The general very kindly permitted Michael to feel him all over. It was evident that the little fellow had never touched such a dress before. His mind was greatly at work, which was evident from his occasional perplexity and confusion. After Michael had felt

the cocked hat and plume upon the general's head, it was placed upon his own, which gave him much joy. One very particular feature in Michael's character is, that he is most careful not to injure anything which he touches or handles; if he should by some mishap break a pencil or a plaything, he will be vexed and grieve over it for a long time afterwards. He is by no means destructive, and would not wilfully hurt any one. When the general drew his sword for Michael to examine, on touching the point the boy was very uneasy, he became unusually pale, and was anxious to have it immediately replaced in the scabbard. For a length of time after the general had left the institution, poor Michael appeared very dejected, and sat still in deep thought; he tied his handkerchief around his neck, and placed both hands upon it, as he seemed to fancy that something was to be done to his neck with the sword. He occasionally broke silence suddenly, by making the signs for a horse-soldier with a sword, then shook his clenched fist, and moved his lips angrily, to show his displeasure, stamping on the floor, at the same time, very violently. After repeated acts of kindness, we soon calmed his fears, and made him sensible that he was in no danger. Since this interesting scene occurred, Michael has been continually signing to the deaf and dumb boys about the sword which frightened him so greatly. He is in very good health, and quite happy in the children's society. Michael has at last been taught to keep his seat when desired; he was at first very noisy and restless.

6th March.—Dr. Charles Purdon applied some ointment round the outside of Michael's eyes, which is to be repeated to-morrow morning. The little fellow is conscious that what is done to his eyes is for his good; he is most anxious to have his sight restored, and signs about it frequently to his companions; since the ointment was applied to his eyes, he has often been holding up his fingers, and moving them in various positions, evidently expecting to see them.

13th March.—General D'Aguilar called to-day, and was immediately recognized by Michael, but the little fellow remembered the sword, and was unwilling to have it drawn. The general usually brings Michael some sweet cake, &c., and evinces a deep interest in the poor boy's behalf. The general is a great friend and favorite of Michael's. Michael is daily learning some new signs from the children; in his play he attempts to imitate them spelling their lessons upon their fingers; he knows all in the school-room by feeling their person;—to-day one of the children by accident trod on his foot, the little fellow immediately felt his way to my chair, took hold of my hand, and made me shake it towards the place where the boy sat; this seemed to satisfy him, and he returned to his own seat.

10th April.—This morning Dr. Purdon and Dr. Hunter came to the Institution to operate on Michael's eyes; but the moment the instrument touched his eye-lids the poor fellow struggled so violently, and he so firmly closed his eyes, that Dr. Purdon considered it necessary to abandon the attempt for the present.

14th April.—At the request of Dr. Purdon, Dr. Sanders came to-day to look at Michael's eyes, who was of opinion that one eye might be operated upon, but he could not conceive how it would be possible to keep the boy quiet, and to fix him in such a position as to operate with safety, and as

there was no way of communicating with the child.

12th May.—As Dr. H. Purdon had consented to make another attempt to operate on Michael's eyes, I commenced this morning, according to instructions, to train the boy for the purpose. Michael was taken into the same room where the first attempt had been made, and failed on account of the boy's struggles. A mattress was placed on a table, and a pillow for Michael to rest his head upon. When I began to examine his eyes, it caused him to feel uneasy, and he wished to be taken out of the room. After the lapse of a few minutes, I lifted him on the mattress and allowed him to sit upon it unbound. I examined his eyes as before; to this he made no resistance; but when I made him lie on the mattress, and attempted to place his head on the pillow, he struggled and moaned so very distressingly, that I was compelled to lift him off. I gave him a few figs to eat, which quieted him; and when I saw he was pleased, and that I had regained his confidence, I replaced him upon the mattress, and endeavored to make him lie quietly. He was still unwilling to have his head placed on the pillow, and not until I showed resolution could I succeed. At length he lay quietly, and in that position I was allowed to examine his eyes; but as he was rather frightened, I would not suffer him to lie long at first. When he was brought down to the school-room, he signed to his companions that he would soon be able to see. He is now thinking of little else than his eyes, and what has been done to them.

27th May.—The same practice has been daily attended to, and Michael now treats the ceremony as an amusement,—he makes no signs of uneasiness the whole of the time, but laughs very frequently.

31st May.—Michael has been feverish all day. Dr. Purdon called in the evening to see him, and said that his illness did not appear dangerous at present, but it might prove serious.

2d June.—Michael has been exceedingly weak all day and confined to his bed; in general he refuses all kinds of solid food.

6th June.—When Dr. Purdon came to-day, Michael appeared to him to be gradually getting better; but at night he became very restless, and made a moaning noise, as if in great pain; his breathing was very quick and difficult;—in this distressing state he continued all night.

8th June.—Our poor Michael died this morning. The painful intelligence caused much sorrow, especially among the children, nearly all have been in tears for the loss of their afflicted companion.

10th June.—The remains of Michael Connelly were interred in Shankhill burying-ground this morning, in a spot by the side of a former pupil, Sarah Armstrong.

We have no doubt that had this child lived, means would have been devised by his benevolent friends to convey many ideas to his mind, even supposing that the operation upon his eyes proved unavailing. The case of Laura Bridgman shows that much may be effected by patience and perseverance, under a skilful and enlightened system of culture, in opening avenues both to and from a mind which is cut off from ordinary intercourse. The mental progress of this little girl was extraordinary; but she had possessed the use of her eyes and ears till she was two years old; and she

was a precocious child; so the impressions of light, and visible objects, and sounds, and speech, were probably not wholly obliterated from her recollections; and were perhaps revived as her mind became enlarged by the education so carefully and with much ingenuity bestowed upon her. The following is the substance of Dr. Howe's narrative. No reader would think the whole too much.

Our beloved pupil, Laura Bridgman, was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble, until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond its power of endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well. Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. Yet, though sight and hearing were gone forever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended; the fever raged during seven weeks;—"for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day." It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed, and consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

It was not until four years of age, that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her—no mother's smile called forth her answering smile—no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds—to her, brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed, nor be mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house, and her disposition to imitate her led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit.

Her affections, too, began to expand, and seemed to be lavished upon the members of her family with peculiar force.

But the means of communication with her were

very limited; she could only be told to go to a place by being pushed, or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. Patting her gently on the head signified approbation; on the back, disapprobation.

She showed every disposition to learn, and manifestly began to use a natural language of her own; she had a sign to express her idea of each member of the family, as, drawing her fingers down each side of her face, to allude to the whiskers of one, twirling her hand around, in imitation of the motion of a spinning-wheel, for another, and so on. But although she received all the aid that a kind mother could bestow, she soon began to give proof of the importance of language to the development of human character; caressing and chiding will do for infants and dogs, but not for children; and by the time Laura was seven years old, the moral effects of her privation began to appear. There was nothing to control her will but the absolute power of another, and humanity revolts at this; she had already begun to disregard all but the sterner nature of her father; and it was evident, that as the propensities should increase with her physical growth, so would the difficulty of restraining them increase.

At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover, to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly marked, nervous sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action.

The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the fourth of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution, [the Asylum for the Blind, of which Dr. Howe is the Conductor.]

For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

There was one of two ways to be adopted; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use—that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual: the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual; I determined, therefore, to try the latter.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands, and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon*, upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the ar-

ticles which she could handle, and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them.

After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book, key, &c.*, then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book, key, &c.* and she did so.

Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her—her intellect began to work—she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog or parrot,—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

The result thus far is quickly related, and easily conceived, but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labor were passed before it was effected.

When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her,—for instance, a pencil, or a watch,—she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending, in every possible way, her knowledge of the physical relation of things; and in proper care of her health.

At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract:—

“It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

“When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself

for hours: if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment, and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

“During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

“When Laura is walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms—a grasping of hands—and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers—exchanges of joy or sorrow; there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.”

After the lapse of a year and six months from the time Laura left home, her mother came to visit her. The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say that she understood the string was from her home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home now was given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest, she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face: at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared

from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

Next, she was taught those expressions of relation to place, which she could understand. For instance, a ring was taken and placed on a box, then the words were spelt to her, and she repeated them from imitation. Then the ring was placed on a hat, and a signal given her to spell,—she spelt, *ring on box*, but being checked, and the right words given, she immediately began to exercise her judgment, and as usual, seemed intently thinking. Then the same was repeated with a bag, a desk, and a great many other things, until at last she learned that she must name the thing on which the article was. Then the same article was put into the box, and the words, *ring in box* given to her.

She easily acquired a knowledge and use of active verbs, especially those expressive of *tangible action*, as, to walk, to run, to sew, to shake. Soon, however, she learned the use of auxiliary verbs, of the difference of past, present, and future tense.

Having acquired the use of substantives, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, it was thought time to make the experiment of trying to teach her to *write*, and to show her that she might communicate her ideas to persons not in contact with her. It was amusing to witness the mute amazement with which she submitted to the process, the docility with which she imitated every motion, and the perseverance with which she moved her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless.

Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task than she did to this; and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other; and she actually wrote, unaided, a legible letter to her mother, in which she expressed the idea of her being well, and of her expectation of going home in a few weeks.

She is familiar with the process of addition and subtraction in small numbers. She can count and conceive objects to about one hundred in number; to express an indefinitely great number, or more than she can count, she says *hundred*. If she thought a friend was to be absent many years, she would say, *will come hundred Sundays*—meaning weeks. She is pretty accurate in measuring time, and seems to have an intuitive tendency to do it. Unaided by the changes of night and day, by the light, or the sound of any time-piece, she nevertheless divides time pretty accurately.

With the days of the week, and the week itself as a whole, she is perfectly familiar. For instance:—if asked what day will it be in fifteen days more, she readily names the day of the week. The day she divides by the commencement and

end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal-times. She can measure time so accurately, as to distinguish between a half and whole note of music. Seated at the piano-forte, she will strike quite correctly crotchets and quavers.

Her judgment of distances, and of relations of place, is very accurate. She will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision.

In 1840, when she had been two years and two months under instruction, she had attained, indeed, about the same command of language as common children of three years old. Of course her power of expression is by no means equal to her power of conception; for she had no words to express many of the perceptions and sensations which her mind doubtless experiences.

Her improvement is made evident by her greater command of language, and by the conception which she now has of the force of parts of speech which last year she did not use in her simple sentences; for instance, of pronouns, which she has begun to use within six months. Last spring, returning fatigued from her journey home, she complained of a pain in her side, and on being asked what caused it, she used these words: *Laura did go to see mother, ride did make Laura side ache, horse was wrong, did not run softly*. If she were now to express the same thing she would say, *I did go to see mother, ride did make my side ache*. She uses the pronoun, personal and possessive; and so ready is she to conceive the propriety of it, and the impropriety of her former method, that upon my recently saying, "Doctor will teach Laura," she eagerly shook my arm to correct me, and told me to say, "*I will teach you*." She is delighted when she can catch any one in an error like this; and she shows her sense of the ludicrous by laughter, and gratifies her innocent self-esteem by displaying her knowledge.

It will be observed that these words are all spelled correctly; and indeed her accuracy in this respect is remarkable. She requires to have a word spelled to her only once, or twice at most, and she will seldom fail to spell it right ever afterwards.

Here are some of her sentences of a more recent date, and subsequently to her learning the use of pronouns, the numbers of nouns, &c. Being surprised lately, that I had not examined her for some time, she stopped short in her lesson, and said to her teacher, "*Doctor is not glad that I can cipher good*." Being asked why, she said, "*Because he does not want me to show him sum*." She was told I was busy, and had gone to the City—she said, "*Horse will be much tired to go to Boston all days*."

She easily learned the difference between the singular and plural form. One of the girls had the mumps; Laura learned the name of the disease; and soon after she had it herself, but she had the swelling only one side; and some one saying, you have got the mumps, she replied quickly, "*No, no, I have mump*."

The most recent exercises have been upon those words which require attention to one's own mental operations, such as *remember, forget, except, hope, &c.* Greater difficulties have been experienced in these than in her former lessons, but they have been so far surmounted that she uses many words of this kind, with a correct perception of their meaning.

It was not until after she had learned a few words of this kind, that it was possible to carry her mind backwards to her infancy; and to the best of my judgment, she has no recollection of any earlier period than the long and painful illness in which she lost her senses. She seems to have no recollection of any words of prattle, which she might have learned in the short respite which she enjoyed from bodily suffering.

She shows a disposition to form her words by rule, and to admit of no exceptions; thus having learned to form the plurals by adding *s*, the imperfect by adding *ed*, &c., she would apply this to every noun or verb; consequently the difficulty hitherto has been greater, and her progress slower, than it will be, for she has mastered the most common words, and these seem to be the ones that have been most broken up by the rough colloquial usage of unlettered people.

Her knowledge of language, however, is no criterion of her knowledge of things, nor has she been taught mere words. She is like a child placed in a foreign country, where one or two persons only know her language, and she is constantly asking of them the names of the objects around her.

The moral qualities of her nature have also developed themselves more clearly. She is remarkably correct in her deportment; and few children of her age evince so much sense of propriety in regard to appearance. Never, by any possibility is she seen out of her room with her dress disordered; and if by chance any spot of dirt is pointed out to her on her person, or any little rent in her dress, she discovers a sense of shame, and hastens to remove it. She is never discovered in an attitude or an action at which the most fastidious would revolt, but is remarkable for neatness, order, and propriety.

She is very affectionate, and when with her friends of her own sex, she is constantly clinging to them, and often kissing and caressing them; and when she meets with strange ladies, she very soon becomes familiar, examines very freely their dress, and readily allows them to caress her. But with those of the other sex it is entirely different, and she repels every approach to familiarity.

She seems to have also, a remarkable degree of conscientiousness for one of her age; she respects the rights of others, and will insist upon her own. She is fond of acquiring property, and seems to have an idea of ownership of things which she has long since laid aside, and no longer uses.

When she has done wrong, her teacher lets her know that she is grieved, and the tender nature of the child is shown by the ready tears of contrition, and the earnest assurances of amendment, with which she strives to comfort those whom she has pained. When she has done anything wrong, and grieved her teacher, she does not strive to conceal it from her little companions, but communicates it to them, tells them "*it is wrong*," and says, "*..... cannot love wrong girl.*"

When she has anything nice given to her, she is particularly desirous that those who happen to be ill, or afflicted in any way, should share with her, although they may not be those whom she particularly loves in other circumstances;—nay, even if it be one whom she dislikes. She loves to be employed in attending the sick, and is most assiduous in her simple attentions, and tender and endearing in her demeanor.

It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in

others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt a new comer, when after a few days she discovered her weakness of mind. She chooses for her friends and companions those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless indeed she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do.

Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

She one day pretended that her doll was sick, and went through all the motions of tending it, and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home, she insisted upon my going to see it and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister to its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work or at her studies by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet, for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

No religious feeling, properly so called, has developed itself, nor is it yet time, perhaps, to look for it; but she has shown a disposition to respect those who have power and knowledge, and to love those who have goodness; and when her perceptive faculties shall have taken cognizance of the operations of nature, and she shall be accustomed to trace effects to their causes, then may her veneration be turned to Him who is almighty, her respect to Him who is omniscient, and her love to Him who is all goodness and love!

It appears to me very evident, that she has innate moral dispositions and tendencies, which, though developed subsequently to her intellectual faculties, are not dependent upon them, nor are they manifested with a force proportionate to that of her intellect. According to Locke's theory, the moral qualities and faculties of this child should be limited in proportion to the limitation of her senses; for he derives moral principles from intellectual dispositions, which alone he considers to be innate. He thinks moral principles must be *proved*, and can only be so by an exercised intellect. Now the *sensations* of Laura are very limited—acute as is her touch, and constant as is her exercise of it, how vastly does she fall behind others of her age in the amount of sensations which she experiences; how limited is the range of her thought—how infantile is she in the exercise of her intellect! But her moral qualities—her moral sense, are remarkably acute; few children are so affectionate, or so scrupulously conscientious; few are so sensible

of their own rights, or regardful of the rights of others.

Can any one suppose, then, that without innate moral dispositions, such effects could have been produced solely by moral lessons; for even if such lessons could have been given to her, would they not have been seed sown upon barren ground? Her moral sense, and her conscientiousness, seem not at all dependent upon any intellectual perception; they are not perceived, indeed, or understood, they are *felt*, and she may feel them even more strongly than most adults.

These observations will furnish an answer to another question, which is frequently put concerning Laura; can she be taught the existence of God, her dependence upon, and her obligations to Him? The answer may be inferred from what has gone before—that, if there exist in her mind (and who can doubt that there does?) the innate capacity for the perception of this great truth, that truth may become an object of intellectual perception and of firm belief. I trust, too, that she can be made to conceive of future existence, and to lean upon the hope of it, as an anchor to her soul in those hours, when sickness and approaching death shall arouse to fearful activity the instinctive love of life, which is possessed by her in common with all. But to effect this—to furnish her with a guide through life, and a support in death, much is to be done, and much is to be avoided!

We await with interest the further development of this remarkable case. If the child is still living, we should hope she has by this time been taught not only “the existence of God;” but also something respecting “Jesus Christ whom he hath sent,” in connexion with the creation of man, his fall, his guilt, and his redemption; at least that revealed truth shall not be wilfully suppressed, if it can be correctly conveyed. The difficulties are great; and it would be perilous to instil false notions, which are worse than none; but if true intelligence can be given, it ought not to be withheld.

Since writing the above, we have referred to some particulars respecting the case of the Scotch boy Mitchell. He was born at Nairn in 1795. His blindness was caused by congenital cataracts; but it was not absolute, for he could always distinguish day from night, and perceive bright colors; and used to amuse himself by closing the window-shutters, that he might discern the sun’s rays piercing through the crevices. When he was fourteen years old, Mr. Wardrop couched his right eye, after which operation he could discern objects, if not very minute. Dr. Spurzheim supposed that he was not destitute of “some internal sense of hearing,” seeing that he took great delight in striking elastic bodies upon his teeth, which he would do for hours together. Sir Astley Cooper—to whom he was taken to be operated upon for the cataracts, but in vain, as he struggled violently, so that his friends could not manage him—mentions that when a piece of wood was substituted for a key to strike his teeth with, he was much displeased, and threw it away. Dr. Gordon says that when a bunch of keys was lent him, he vi-

brated each lightly against his teeth, as a person strikes a tuning-fork. Mr. Brougham, improving upon the idea, lent him a musical snuff-box, which excited in him great pleasure and astonishment. This is not unusual with deaf persons; and Laura Bridgman herself delights in making the strings of the piano-forte vibrate, and is susceptible of the pulsations of time in playing. Spurzheim called this an internal sense of hearing, which is assuming that the vibration acted upon the tympanum of the ear; and that there was perception of sound as well as tremor; that is, of the specific tremor, which we call sound; but we do not know that the impulse reached the brain from the teeth by way of the auditory nerves; and if so, the sensation cannot be specifically called hearing.

Mitchell made great use of his olfactory powers, which were very acute, in which respect he had much advantage over Laura Bridgman. He was affectionate; and exhibited great sorrow at the death of his father, to whose coffin he clung to prevent its being carried away. He was much alarmed at the thought of dying; and after his eye was couched he would not permit anything white to be placed near him, because, it is said, he had seen dead bodies laid out in white. He attended divine service, and behaved well; and pointed to the Bible, and made signs for the family to kneel when a clergyman was in the house of a Sunday evening; but whether he had any notion of religion, was not ascertained. He was always inquisitive, and seemed to reason correctly from such information as he possessed. He lived to grow up; but after his partial restoration to sight, his case fell within the general circumstances of deaf mutes; and does not seem to have been much noticed.

There was a deaf, dumb, and blind girl, named Julia Brace, some years ago in the Hartford, Connecticut, Asylum; but we know not what amount of instruction she obtained, or whether she is still living. Her affliction originated in typhus fever, when she was four years old; by which time many indelible impressions must have been made upon her mind and memory. She was remarkably intelligent and full of playfulness. She used her sense of smell very extensively; and was guided by it to gather flowers in the fields. Her lips greatly aided her fingers in examining objects. A gentleman, to try her sagacity, pretended to carry away her infant sister; but she detected the trick by ascertaining that his umbrella remained on the table; so that though she could neither see, hear, nor feel him, she knew he had not gone away. She left the room and gathered a large thistle in bloom, which she came back smelling, and offered to him; but upon his reaching forth his hand, she archly pricked it with the spines, as a return for pretending to take away her sister.

The above related facts are interesting to the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the Christian; nor will they be without practical utility, if only

they lead us the more adequately to value those inestimable mercies which being constant are almost unheeded; though the privation of any one of them would be accounted a heavy calamity. Who hath made one man to differ from another? Who hath permitted darkness, silence, solitude, and ignorance, to be the lot of a deaf, mute, blind child; and hath bestowed light, joy, intellect, friendship, sweet sounds, beautiful sights, and above all the open page of God's word, upon those who are not by nature wiser or holier, more deserving of the bounties of God's providence, or better entitled to enjoy the promises of his grace!

TO A GOOD WIFE.

COMPANION of my calmest, happiest hours,
Dear partner of my homefelt joys and cares,
For thee, in silent thought, my spirit pours
Its glad thanksgivings and incessant prayers.
Thou art my world. What once to me were
snares,—
Wealth, emulation, fame,—are now disarm'd;
But love's light load my heart contented bears;
By pleasing conjugal enchantment charm'd;
And only by the fear of future loss alarm'd.

When travelling far, in sickness or in grief,
Of strangers weary, lonely, and depress'd,
The thought of thee administers relief,
The progress homeward soothes my heart to rest:
Arriving, I'm unutterably bless'd;
Thy tender welcome banishes all care;
Pain, sickness, sorrow, leave my lighten'd breast;
Peace, confidence, and joy reënter there;
All things appear transform'd, all good, serene, and fair.

While conquerors climb the summits of renown,
O'er mounds of dead, through slaughter, flood, and flame,
And, from their stormy eminences, frown
On half the wasted world; while others aim
At wealth, or office, or a titled name;
Our choice be love, and meek, domestic peace,
Obedient faith, and conscience void of blame;
Joys that may grow as health and strength decrease;
And in full vigor last when selfish pleasures cease.

Oft bows my soul before the Saviour's throne;
Its prayer—me from idolatry defend,
And keep, O jealous God, my heart thy own;
Yet still thy dearest, dangerous boon, O lend;
Spare her thou gav'st me till my sojourn end;
Instruct our babe thy saving truth to know;
Let thy pure influence on our hearts descend;
Our spirits purge from love of things below;
Our strength in weakness be, our bliss in worldly woe.

While God upholds us in the dying world,
The cares of love be still our sweet employ:
When death's approach, with shadowing wings unfurl'd,
Shall warn us to resign terrestrial joy,
Despair shall not our parting hour annoy;
Hope, strong, exultant, shall the mourner cheer,
Through Him who died that He might death destroy,
Our mingled dust the Archangel's call shall hear,
And live, in love and joy, through heaven's eternal year!

TO ———,

THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning, light, are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee:
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman:
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never can'st thou be again
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection;
And care shall come with womanhood,
And waken cold reflection:
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep,
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordn'd to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He, who now doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!
All rich in nature's treasure,
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it;
'Tis nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it!

Knight's Q. Mag.

AN ODD TURN OF THE WHEEL.—Who could have believed that a ministry which was placed in power by the agricultural party, to defend them against the league, would have owed their existence, within three years, to their great enemy? Who could have believed, when Sir Robert Peel denounced Mr. Cobden, in February, 1843, on the floor of the House of Commons, that in the next session he would owe his majority to Mr. Cobden? * * * We must, therefore, warn our readers that the beginning of the end has come. It has come undoubtedly at an earlier time, and is accompanied by circumstances which were not expected. But it has not come without putting the corn-law cabinet under obligations to the anti-corn-law league. It has exhibited a tory cabinet under the shelter of parties with whom they were supposed to have the greatest differences—the friends of agriculture under the wing of Lord Radnor's son; and, as if the genius of retribution required still greater sacrifices, the sliding-scale sustained under the ample ægis of Mr. Cobden.—*Chronicle.*

